Ghosts, Pirates and Treasure Trove

The Phantoms that Haunt New Brunswick

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Introduction

A portly middle-aged man waited at the head of the stairs while a New Brunswick archivist climbed up from the cellar of the old Legislative Building in Fredericton.

As the stranger prepared to walk down, the archivist said cheerily, "Superstitious, eh?"

"No," was the surprised reply. "But everyone knows it's bad luck to pass on the stairs."

Which may illustrate the peculiar streak that persists in most of us, consciously or not, even in those who most vociferously deny it— a lingering fear of the unknown, a desire to play safe by not offending any unseen influences hovering around us.

I don't mean the housewives who adamantly refuse to sweep the floor after dark, who avoid singing before breakfast or they'll cry before supper, or the contractors who won't start a job on Friday, or the seamen who refuse to sail on Friday or with a woman in the crew.

I mean the rest of us, most of us, who rarely give a thought to superstition, the ones the big hotels cater to by not having thirteenth floors, only twelfth and fourteenth floors, the ones like a very nice lady I know who is laughingly not the least superstitious but peers out her bedroom window at the robins in the hope of seeing a "sign" when her broker advises her to buy GM stock, and the ones who look for portents as they deal themselves solitaire card hands or who, in the old days, too devout to cut a deck of cards, opened the family Bible at random to select a propitious name for the new-born. That's why in older parts of the country you still meet up with people like Mercy Endur-

eth Jones (Psalm 106: Praise ye the Lord; O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever).

It's a trait that still affects even the most technologically advanced of us—like the American astronauts and Russian cosmonauts preparing for their historic first joint space mission; they drank a toast to the success of the preparations rather than the success of the mission itself, which might have been bad luck.

Sometimes it's hard to separate superstition, religion, and belief in the supernatural, because the boundary lines are fuzzy. Early French military officers in Acadia were continually frustrated trying to understand the twists and turns taken by their Micmac, Maliseet, Passamaquoddy, and Penobscot warriors over seemingly trifling things.

How do you cope with allies who are convinced that the Creation took place because hero-god Glooscap shot arrows into trees and out came Indians?... and who, in an attack on an English fort, would stop to talk seriously with a snake or a frog and say, "How are you, Grandfather?" and wait to see his reaction for omens... and who would converse with shrubs, and thought thunderbolts cleaned bats out of people's hair, and believed in terrible northern giants and mute "little people," and assured you every medicine man had a powerful *pu-hi-gun* or animal spirit helper, and Indian enemies worked through *me-du-lins*, or evil spirits?

And how could you dissuade these New Brunswick natives, when converted, from seeing immediately it was pointless to curry favour with the kindly Christian God who loved them, but very advisable to pray to Satan, who could harm them and their crops? They enjoyed the splendour of the Christian religion; but shook their heads, baffled, when Jesuit priests told them there were no such ridiculous things as ghosts and spirits, but asked them to believe in the Holy Spirit and the Holy Ghost.

Yet there were some indubitable truths behind Indian legends and beliefs. One of New Brunswick's earliest ghost

stories was the Passamaquoddies' folk tale of a strange tribe, the Caansoos, who came from afar and "vanished into the earth." Researchers now believe these may have been prehistoric Norse settlers who lived for a while in "Straumey"—a place in the Passamaquoddy Bay region that probably included Deer Island and Grand Manan—and then, all of them and their womenfolk and cattle embarked on three vessels to sail back to Greenland. In other words, they vanished.

Obviously fantastic to early historians was an Indian legend that began with a child being carried off by an eagle. Everyone knew eagles didn't do such things. But the Saint John *Sun* in 1904 told how the nine-year-old son of James Ferguson of Lorneville was seized in the talons of a huge eagle that struggled into the air, then sagged to the ground under the screaming weight as the small family dog barked and ran at its wings. Attracted by the commotion, Mr. Ferguson came running out of the house firing a shotgun, and the eagle dropped its prey and flew off.

Uncommon natural phenomena are common in New Brunswick, and inspired countless Indian ghost stories. Places like Saint John's Reversing Falls, where the Maliseets believed a perpetually spinning log in a giant whirlpool represented a demon, and tried to appease him by shooting arrows bearing tobacco pouches into the log... and the Tobique country's Bald Mountain, where northern New Brunswick rivers flowing north, east, and south take their source, also known as "Rumbling Mountain" because climbers hear subterranean growlings and gurglings... Deer Island's "Old Sow," the world's greatest tidal whirlpool... and at least two lakes reputed to contain sea serpents—Lake Utopia in the south and Lac Pohenegamouke just over the Quebec border from Baker Lake in the north.

Yet the white man, like the Indian, looked for supernatural signs in cataclysmic happenings. When the Great Miramichi Fire on October 7, 1825, swept over one-fifth the land area of New Brunswick, killing 200 settlers—said by

contemporary historians to be the biggest forest conflagration recorded up to that time—many were convinced this was a judgement from On High. So did others when the disastrous Saxby Gale struck in 1869, when Cold Friday paralyzed the landscape in 1861, and Dark Sunday turned day into night in 1819.

There are several reasons why New Brunswick has a brimfull reservoir of supernatural stories. It's one of the oldest parts of Canada—we've had plenty of time to accumulate them. It's the ancestral home of three imaginative peoples—the Micmac and Maliseet Indians, the French Acadians and the English-speaking colonists from England, Scotland and Ireland. We're on the coast—which means ancient shipwrecks, pirates' ghostguarded loot, as well as the buried jewels and valuables of Acadians fleeing from expulsion. And in timber regions like the Miramichi, crews of lumberjacks spent long winters in isolated camps entertaining themselves, and tall tales proliferated.

All you need do is stroll around Juniper, say, and talk with a few hunting guides and you'll come back reeling (as a friend of mine did) with stories about a man playing a losing card game with the Devil, a tomb that got up into a tree, and a man buried twice because of mistaken identities.

Some incredible characters who passed this way left supernatural tales in their wake—like puppeteer-con-man-escape artist-hypnotist Henry More Smith in the early 1800s, who could burst out of any iron collar and chains and break out of any jail, or make onlookers believe they were watching an entire orchestra of tiny dolls playing music.

Travelling around the province tracking down ghosts, you can't help but notice how many stories follow similar patterns. To skeptics of course, this means people borrow yarns from each other and embellish them. To believers, it proves that invisible influences in certain categories usually act the same way—as in the case of "poltergeist" manifestations, which involve terrific noisy rackets, flying objects, and one or more pre-adolescent children in the house.

And the "three knocks" as an omen of impending death: I met many people who reported they had a personal history of psychic hunches or experiences—like Harold G. Bond of Belleisle Bay. He said:

"When I was young our milch cow didn't come home with the herd from the pasture. She usually led the herd; I knew she must have had her calf. I looked till dark. Then I dreamt she spent the night under an enormous cat spruce—that's one that smells sprucey, like a tomcat—beside a spring. Next morning I headed right for there, and met her coming through the alders with her calf. Thirty feet away the spot under the spruce tree was still warm where she had stayed the night!"

And the three knocks?

At age fifteen he was digging potatoes in October with Ned Dixon. One night, after being in bed an hour, they were still wide awake talking when they heard three sharp knocks—"the kind if you heard them at your door you'd say someone's in trouble."

Half a minute later the three loud knocks from outside the house were repeated; and then again.

"My mother and father were in Saint John, and the only other person in the house was my younger sister," said Mr. Bond, "and she was too afraid to go outdoors at night.

"I looked from the upstairs window—even took the screen off and looked down—but there was nobody. Ned happened to glance at his watch and said it was exactly eleven o'clock.

"Next day when my parents returned we learned my mother's brother, Charlie Odell, died in hospital in Saint John at that hour."

Had Mr. Bond ever heard of the three knocks as a widely-known "forerunner"—a sign of approaching death?

"No," he replied. "Are they?"

(But don't let this kind of portent alarm you until you investigate. A woman on Campobello Island told me of hearing a terrifying sound at Vassalboro, Maine, one No-

vember—three loud knocks on the front door, and nobody there! They watched from a side-window—and a bluejay came flying back and pecked again at the three corn cobs they had hung on the door to celebrate Thanksgiving.)

A Newcastle woman recalled that her brother met death in a forty-foot fall while inspecting a steel girder in Hamilton, Ontario. The family in New Brunswick didn't know about it—but that day they heard mysterious cars slowing down outside their home, and car doors continually slamming in the front and back yards, though no cars were to be seen. Finally a priest came with the sad news. Later the funeral was held—and the family heard exactly the same slowing of cars and door-slamming all day long.

Most thought-evoking of all are the numerous stories of apparitions seen at home, in real life or in dreams, at the instant of someone's death—even if the death occurs far away.

This phenomenon was being noticed even when the United Empire Loyalists were stepping ashore at Saint John in 1783. Many shuddered to remember the arrest of Moses Dunbar when he returned from New York to Waterbury, Connecticut, in 1777 as a British recruiting officer. The rebelling state had no treason law to cover this, so a new one was duly framed—and Moses Dunbar swung from the gallows in what historians call "a judicial murder."

Blind for years, Isaiah Dunbar at his home in Northbury Parish exclaimed, "I see a sky and a man there. It is Moses Dunbar, hanging!" His brothers guffawed at the absurdity of it. But later they discovered the sightless man's vision was true to the exact minute.

Mrs. Ada McIntyre of Saint John tells about a psychic uncle, David de Grasse of Oromocto, who was asleep at a lumber camp twenty miles deep in the woods on January 31, 1921, when he saw her mother come to the foot of his bunk, then disappear. Immediately he got up and walked out on snowshoes to Fredericton.

"I met him at the door," Mrs. McIntyre recalls, "and said,

'Oh, Uncle David, Mama's gone.' He said simply, 'Yes, I know; I saw her.'"

A Dorchester woman remembers that years ago her father was in Mesopotamia soliciting support for the British cause and one night he heard his mother calling his name. He crawled out of his sleeping bag but saw nobody. Subsequently he learned his mother had died in England at that very hour.

In Newcastle years ago a new resident saw a face appear at a window and looked out, but there was no one outside. An acquaintance said, "That was Tommy Taylor—he's supposed to be in an institution." It turned out that he had died at that moment—in a hospital.

Mrs. Teresa McEachreon of Chatham recalls her father saying that when the square-rigger *Morning Star* out of Rexton was lost with many hands, the wife of a seaman saw a bloodstain appear on the dishes she was washing. She wiped it off—only to see it again. Eventually she found out that that moment her husband drowned.

Old lumberjacks in the Alma district, handy to Fundy National Park, tell of a strange forerunner about four decades ago. A fiddler laid down his violin, and to everyone's astonishment three notes came from it loud and clear—a high note, a low and a high. No one thought much about it until next day a lightning flash knocked down a tree, fatally injuring a logger.

A Dorchester woman awoke with a start one night and heard her husband calling her name plainly. She thought he had returned home from his car trip, and went to the front door—no one. Next day he came home—and she learned that at the moment she heard his voice his car had turned over near Sussex, New Brunswick, and he narrowly escaped death.

The same woman—who incidentally believes that prophetic dreams run not only in individuals but in families—remembers that a girl of fifteen she was staying at her father's woods camp when she had a blood-chilling night-

mare: a gross-looking stranger wearing a cap came to the door when she was there all alone, fixing her hair—she could see him behind her in the mirror—and he asked for a drink of water. Then he was chasing her through the woods —"I ran and ran and ran, calling for help, with my heart pounding so... I must have been making quite a noise, because my father banged on the wall to wake me up."

Next day she was alone at the camp, primping for a date and putting her hair up—and suddenly in the mirror she was startled to see the same man—the very same in every detail even down to the same cap—standing behind her in the doorway.

"Could I have a drink of water?" he said.

She moved quickly over to a corner stove where a kettle of water was boiling, and a shiny carving knife was hanging conspicuously. Guardedly, without moving away from these weapons, she thrust out the glass of water. The man went away without trouble.

Was it all just coincidence—or do coincidences and dreams and daytime imaginings and visions and signs sometimes mean something?

A lot of people would like to know... like the businessman at Chamcook who informed me seriously that once at Twickenham, England, he saw his stepfather, lying on a couch, slowly change into his late father, a man totally different in appearance, and change back again, all in five seconds... and the secretary in Saint John who told me of the roof falling in on her grandfather's time-honored lounging chair the night after he died; did it mean anything?... and the woman at Gondola Point who recalled that she and her brother, sitting beside their father's coffin, asked for a sign if their fourteen-year-dead mother was present, and the lights flicked off and on again twice....

You are left with the feeling that while a lot of things are obviously due to sheer chance, or illusions, or mischief, or folk-tales that grow like rolling snowballs, some other things have no rational explanation within our understanding. You get the impression that there are people who possess a special sensitivity, an extraordinary receptiveness, to influences beyond the limits of our present knowledge—influences which people in 2500 A.D. may comprehend easily.

Meanwhile, wherever you walk in this age-old New Brunswick—if you happen to believe in the unknown—pirates or courtiers or generals or early heroines will be walking with you.

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The Burning of a Witch

Strange things were happening around Tennant's Cove, and the countryside was alarmed.

Apples were shrivelling on the trees.

Cows and sheep were dying for no apparent reason.

A vacant house went up in flames.

Fences were collapsing, cattle were trampling the grain fields.

Housewives complained dinners were burning up on their stoves.

Disquieting reports came not only from Tennant's Cove, where Belleisle Creek joins the St. John River, but also from a surrounding area as far away as Kingston Peninsula and the Kennebecasis River.

People were talking about little else. What was causing the evil phenomenon?

To many the answer was obvious: a witch was at work. Who else could cast such baneful, widespread and inexplicable spells?

"If Mr. Mills will lead us," a prominent farmer cried, "we can hunt down the witch and stop her, or bring her to justice!"

And Mr. Mills, an upright citizen with a stern sense of public duty, readily accepted the compliment and the task. He took counsel with substantial neighbours, and they combed the rural landscape for the names of possible culprits. The air was tense with expectation.

It wasn't long before public suspicions found a focal point: for several years the Widow Barter and her family had been taking care of Mrs. Tennant, a frail lady about

ninety years of age, "a queer old body of mutterings and strange actions." As the most peculiar of local residents, she was automatically the likeliest witch.

But let Samuel G. Barter of Avondale, Carleton County, tell the story—for he heard it at first hand from his grandfather, James Barter, who, born in 1808 was one of the children in Widow Barter's household at the time, somewhere between 1815 and 1820.

Before Samuel G. Barter died in his nineties during the 1960s, he put it all down on paper for posterity—a tale that "truly happened in New Brunswick."

"First the old way for laying a witch was tried," he said. "Silver was made into a bullet and placed in an old musket and, after asking God's help and blessing, and for Him to cause the bullet to fall where it would kill the witch, or stop her troubling, Mr. Mills fired the musket in the air.

"The crowd of people who had gathered to see the ceremony listened in awe as the heavy report of the musket sounded and echoed, and re-echoed, from the hills and rolled across the river; and all went home, certain that the work of the 'witch' was over, and the 'Devil' sent away."

So imagine the consternation of the countryside next Sunday morning, when Mr. Mills went out to feed his livestock—and discovered that something absolutely inconceivable had happened, through the Devil's own handiwork!

"He found one of his valuable oxen crowded into the manger, with its head and broad-spreading horns looking out towards the back of the stable. It would be impossible for human hands to crowd an ox backward into its manger, and get its head into the stanchion, and put in the pin to hold it. And to turn an ox with its head already in the stanchion, so as to make it look out, would plainly twist the stanchions completely out. They had to tear down the stanchions and side wall to get the ox out."

This unearthly deed, of course, raised public anxiety to fever heat.

"The excitement was tremendous," the narrative said. "Mr. Mills called a meeting at this house, and after due consulation it was decided that Mrs. Tennant, the old lady at Mrs. Barter's, was the guilty woman, so must be punished.

"Some were for doing as they had done at Salem, Massachusetts, in earlier years—burn her at the stake—but more human Christian counsel prevailed, and they decided to try a trial by fire to find if she really was the witch."

Doubtless this majority decision, in the minds of the aroused populace, comfortably reflected the enlightened mordern era in which they lived. Burning at the stake was just not done any more; in fact, the last witchcraft persecutions at Salem had been in 1692. Nor did anyone suggest that Tennant's Cove adopt the procedure so popular in Europe in the earlier days, of flailing Satan's alleged accomplice with clubs to make her confess—a resort that often resulted in the victim's death, to the professed surprise of her assailants, who explained in court afterward they only intended to beat the Devil out of her.

No, they voted merely for a fire test to determine whether Mrs. Tennant was the malicious influence. They may have imagined it was to their credit that because of the old lady's burden of years, they didn't choose the trial once favoured in old New England—pitching the suspect into a body of water, the theory being if she floated she was proven guilty but if she drowned she was innocent, which vindicated her to everyone's satisfaction except possibly her own.

Spare a thought for the helpless plight of brave Mrs. Barter, with small children but no husband, attempting to hold the mob passions in check.

"Mrs. Barter tried hard to keep them from annoying the poor old woman, saying she knew she was not guilty," continues the account, "but the people, both men and women, were so worked up over the matter that they were determined to try Mrs. Tennant by fire, assuring Mrs. Barter that if she was innocent no harm would come to her.

"So it was arranged that the trial would be carried out at Mrs. Barter's home."

The old lady was put in the middle of the floor in her

chair, a line was drawn around her chair on the floor with red chalk, and every three inches a brad awl was stuck in the line, all around the circle. The people who were trying her sat in a half-circle from the left side of the old-fashioned fireplace, out around the old lady and in to the right side of the fireplace.

"Each crossed his or her arms and took hold of the hands of the ones on each side, and the leader (Mr. Mills) slowly read over a passage of Scripture, calling on God to help them try the woman, and, if she was innocent, for no harm to come to her, and if she was possessed of the Devil and was bewitching the countryside, that she might become as hot as the horseshoe they were about to place in the fireplace. All people followed the words in a kind of chant, and the horseshoe was placed in the fire."

This was the climatic moment.

Would she get burned by a fire several feet away?

Logically, of course not.

But, the account goes on—

"At once the old woman began to twist in her chair, then began to scream, 'Oh, you are burning me up. Oh, my God, I'm burning!' and her screeches were so heart-rending that it was hard to keep the people sitting, but Mr. Mills counselled all to keep quiet, and see the result of the trial-by-fire; but as the old lady screamed and tried to get up, and called for help, Mrs. Barter could stand no more and broke through the ring of people, knocked the horseshoe out of the coals with a broomstick, and the old lady collapsed on the floor.

"Kindly hands put her in bed, but her sufferings were terrible. She only moaned and lamented over her poor burned and scorched body. Nothing could be done for her; she lay suffering untold agony for three days over burns that showed no sign of a burn.

"During the morning of the third day suddenly she began to scream and beat her body, and could not be comforted. She kept wailing, 'Oh, they are burning me again,' and her screams were terrible, and her writhing in bed and moaning were so unnerving that Mrs. Barter sent for the

neighbours, and suddenly thinking of the horseshoe, she ran to the fireplace and saw the horseshoe had been accidentally knocked into the coals. She quickly drew it out with a poker and threw it out of doors.

"The shrill shrieking of the old lady stopped, but she continued to moan, and that night she died; and strange to say, there were no more strange happenings, and only a memory of a most mysterious mystery lingered in the minds of the people."

The account closes with the notation that Mrs. Tennant now lies by the side of her husband, who died years before, on the old farm at Tennant's Cove.

Understandably, Samuel G. Barter himself was always puzzled by the handed-down story. "What killed the poor old lady?" he asked. "Was it fright, was it self-hypnotism—or was it as the people firmly believed at that time, that the trial was a just one and the old lady guilty and therefore punished of God?"

After more than a century and a half, it's still "a most mysterious mystery."

The Flying Spectre of Rexton

One night in the early part of the nineteenth century, wide-eyed travellers reported "a white-robed woman" was gliding along beside the Rexton road in eastern New Brunswick.

No matter how fast their stagecoach clattered and rumbled, the strange beauty with the streaming blonde hair kept abreast of it.

Everyone living in the Rexton-Richibucto area beside Northumberland Strait, just across from Prince Edward Island, heard of the apparition in the years that followed. It was, for instance, part of the boyhood folklore of a Rexton resident who was to grow up to become Right Honourable Andrew Bonar Law, first prime minister of Britain from beyond its shores. Sightings continued until nearly modern times. Just before the turn of the century Dr. R. L. Botsford of Moncton, then residing in Richibucto, was driving back late one night with William A. Black after a fall hunting trip. They were startled when a woman in white floated out of the woods—her light-coloured hair flowing in the breeze, her hands held out appealingly to them—and paced the fast-wheeling carriage with seeming effortless ease for nearly three minutes before drifting away into the forest. Never again, it was said, would the panicky horse traverse that stretch of road at night without shying and bucking.

Why did the plaintive lady careen about so ceaselessly? Why did she stare mutely with outstretched arms before the eyes of her beholders?

The people of Rexton and Richibucto were sure they knew the answer. It was a plea from the Beyond for justice and retribution—a plea from a perpetually restless and unhappy spirit. It all went back to the awful night—just before the first reports of the ghost came to light—when Dan Irwin's inn at Richibucto mysteriously burned to the ground. The proprietor and his lovely young wife were both missing, as was a boarder, Frank Brown. No trace of them was found in the ashes.

A few days later passersby noticed that Mrs. Irwin's pet dog, who had been whining inconsolably since the fire, seemed to be trying to lead them into the nearby woods. Several followed the dog—and discovered the lady's head buried under a huge mound of leaves. Soon afterward they found her body.

How she and possibly the others met foul play has never been determined; but suspicions inevitably veered towards the inn's patrons. In the square-rigger era, Richibucto had a motley transient population of mariners from around the world, and often it became a lusty, brawling place. Many rough-and-ready characters frequented the tavern at the inn.

For more than a generation, in the early 1900s, no one reported seeing the beautiful ghost. Presumably somehow she had found peace and tranquillity at long last.

Then, in late 1931, a Moncton man wrote to a local newspaper that on Hallowe'en he was driving from Chatham with a companion and two young women, and—

"The night was pitch-black and the rain was coming down in torrents. Along a lonely stretch of road between Richibucto and Rexton, all at once the figure of a woman, clad in white, appeared in front of the car. I brought the car to an abrupt stop, opened the door and called out. In the very utterance, my voice stuck in my throat with a gulp of horror: the woman had vanished! I again started the car. In a second the figure re-appeared and sprang on the running board. By this time the young ladies were screaming with terror. Whether to stop and throw the thing off or yield to the entreaty of the girls to keep going, was past resolving. As we left the bridge it left the car and floated into a grove

near the creek. Both girls fainted and one of them required attention of a physician when we reached Shediac."

Widely publicized, and drawing authority from the old tale about the innkeeper's wife's ghost, the apparition attracted psychic investigators from many parts of Canada and the United States. Regional police forces, too, tried to track it down.

But this time there was a difference in the impact of the ghost. Something new had been added in New Brunswick: prohibition. Rum-runners' high-powered launches and schooners were constantly playing hide-and-seek with the Provincial Police on the coast. It was a grimly serious game, and often shots were exchanged. Many of the ships' masters bringing in the shadowy illicit cargoes possessed an unrivalled knowledge of the inshore waters and currents. Paradoxically some of these men defying their country's laws were to respond readily to their country's need in the Second World War. They put on uniforms, embarked with their former adversaries, and played the deadly hide-and-seek not with preventive vessels but with U-boats.

Back in 1931 it soon became apparent that the resuscitated ghost was proving to be a bonanza for rum-runners in Northumberland Strait.

Time after time they anonymously phoned tips to Provincial Police outposts about places where the mysterious figure was supposedly then appearing—and while the police were closing in on the spot, little ships were ghosting into remote coves with rum from the nearby French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon and loading it into trucks for the Maine illicit market.

Subsequently it was learned that the latter-day ghost of Mrs. Irwin—the amazing phantom capable of such acceleration it could even keep up with speeding automobiles—was really a humanly rigged spirit: a white-attired effigy, weighted on the bottom, gliding along three feet above the ground from a wire on which it was suspended.

Concealed in the higher branches of the trees were pulleys, and as the control automobile hauling the top wire

raced down a sideroad to the river, the "ghost" silently raced toward Rexton on the invisible lower wire before taking a turn into the woods.

It has never been ascertained whether this apparition was the work of juvenile mischief-makers or—much more likely—the ingenious rum-runners themselves. But Acadian fishermen on the strait still chortle over how the region's best-known spirit was pressed into service by smugglers of another kind of spirit.

The original ghost of the 1800s? That's different. It still haunts older people's memories. And no one chortles.

The Ghost Her Cat Could See

Patricia Jenkins carefully hung the framed oil painting on the wall over the livingroom mantel and stepped back to admire the effect.

A large close-up of majestic trees, it was the work of a longtime artist friend, Vi Gillet of Perth-Andover, N.B. Other friends had chipped in to buy it as a surprise gift for Miss Jenkins.

"There!" she said with satisfaction. "That's just the place."

When she came down next morning, to her amazement the painting was sitting on the mantel, leaning against the wall.

The hook was still in the wall above. The wire was still attached to the top of the picture.

Puzzled, she decided on an impulse to hang it over a wall table instead.

In the morning it was down on the table, leaning against the wall.

The two or three other ladies visiting her home at the time disclaimed any knowledge of the moving picture. They were hardly the kind to play pranks. But Miss Jenkins had a pretty good idea of the culprit.

She hung the painting on the wall over the fireplace in her bedroom upstairs. Awakening in the morning, she opened her eyes to see it on the mantel, propped against the wall.

"By now this really didn't surprise me," she says. "The Presence. or whatever you may call it, in our house apparently didn't like anywhere I put it."

Determined, she hung the painting in the upstairs hall over a bookcase. Morning found it on the bookcase, against the wall.

In a fifth attempt Miss Jenkins went back down to the livingroom, chose a wall facing the rear windows, and hung the painting.

Next morning it was still there undisturbed ... and it has reposed there for sixteen years since.

"Vi Gillet told me she's had some severe critics before," comments Patricia Jenkins, smiling at the memory. "But this was the first time they'd removed one of her paintings."

Which is how—by patience, tolerance, and unvarying good nature—one of Canada's most famous weavers, an internationally known designer of tartans, has learned to live with a ghost and like it.

"In fact, she gets a lot of fun out of it," says Miss Lillian Baird, who resides with her and does some weaving. She is a retired public health nurse who taught in Burma and Ceylon for the World Health Organization.

Patricia Jenkins created the Royal Canadian Air Force tartan with its beautiful shades of blue mirroring our skies, also the Beaverbrook tartan, the New Brunswick tartan which was adapted from it, the City of Fredericton tartan, the Highlands of Haliburton tartan, the Town of Oromocto tartan, among others. The Scottish Tartans Association elected her an honorary member.

Daughter of a well-remembered country doctor who served a wide area for more than sixty years by carriage, sleigh, horseback, ferry, caboose, toboggan, and jeep, she is a remarkable person in her own right.

Even without a lively uninvited supernatural guest that does unexpected things, Miss Jenkins' estate at Gagetown on the St. John River would have to be one of the most fascinating places in New Brunswick. The Loomcrofters studio in which she has worked for thirty-five years—an unpretentious and even drab-looking, shed-like outbuilding at first glance—is in fact an historic structure.

Originally a fortified trading post, or blockhouse, it dates back to 1761 and is probably the oldest building in the entire province. As honourable scars of the English-French conflicts it bears two bulletholes and a bullet crease along the woodwork of the studio wall, which to boy visitors are the highlights of the whole place.

The frame of the building is wooden-pegged; the king-size shingles, greyed and cracked by storms and snows, are thirty inches long, overlapping downward with only ten inches exposed to the weather (the Smithsonian Institution of Washington has taken samples for study); the heavy beams are hand-hewn, with fluted boards in the ceiling; the thick floor planks are still good.

Decipherable on the interior walls are old writings and names and dates: a notation that somebody bought "10 pounds of bakun," with price in pounds, shillings and pence ... "Steam up in the mill" in the early 1800s ... the lengths of boards marked in Roman numerals.

The main house itself, built in 1810 by an aristocratic family, stands in a bower of towering trees—an imposing two and a half-storey white residence with green shutters and four white-painted chimneys. The numerous verandah pillars of lattice-work give it a southern colonial atmosphere. The original shingles still snugly fit side-by-side together; and the nails are handmade.

When did Miss Jenkins first suspect her home was fraught with unworldly influences?

Her face lights up at the question. A fine-looking woman with wavy grey-white hair, "Pat" Jenkins is described by almost anyone you ask about her as "a very natural person, a lovely person." She is. If "merry" wasn't used so exclusively to describe Santa Claus, it would fit her.

"My first unusual experience was in 1941 when I came to the house. It had been used for twenty-five years as a farmhouse, and the livingroom wallpaper was a dull liver colour with a vine design.

"On Monday I took off to look for some wallpaper; I bought it for the livingroom and the diningroom adjoining.

Then I began to take layers and layers off—and when I finally got down to the original layers, in each room they almost exactly matched my new paper!"

Evelyn Eaton, the authoress, was the first to speak of an actual "presence."

It was just after Miss Margaret Hall of Fredericton, who operates Canada's oldest book store, heard a racket coming from the diningroom. She exclaimed, "What in the world are those noises?"

"I guess our ghost is out early tonight," replied Miss Jenkins offhandedly. She really thought it was a wild duck in the chimney.

Evelyn Eaton commented, "Oh, then you *know* there's a presence in this house."

Joking, Miss Jenkins said, "Oh yes, I've been living with it for fourteen years." She'd never heard the word "presence" used in that sense before.

Evelyn Eaton exclaimed, "I felt it as soon as I came into the house—I felt it through my shoulder." She went on to say that it was a benign presence, that it had to do with the back part of the house, and that a ruddy-faced Englishman had come down the stairs either to give tragic news or receive tragic news.... All this she had felt, rather than seeing it.

Next day, a descendant of the Johnson family who originally built the house told Miss Jenkins some of the grievous things that had befallen the household long ago. The eldest Johnson daughter married an Englishman and died in childbirth. One of the sons was driving a carriage with his fiancee in the Maugerville-Sheffield area during the spring freshet when the wheels struck a soft shoulder and the carriage overturned; both drowned.

The second person to remark on something strange about the house was a lady judge from Newfoundland, a college room-mate of Patricia Jenkins. She came for a weekend visit.

When her hostess suggested it was about bed-time, she said, "You don't think I'm going to bed in *this* house before

daylight!" She kept her light on and read all night, and did the same the next night.

"It really was a shock to me," recalls Miss Jenkins. "I hadn't told her a thing about the place. She said she felt a presence as soon as she walked in. I assured her it was benign, but she felt it was unfriendly to her."

Then she never came back?

"Oh, yes. She later came for a month—and did the same thing every night."

The third person to notice something extraordinary was the wife of an Australian airline president, who arrived for the afternoon with a Saint John friend. She remarked on the presence as soon as she entered the house, and seemed pleased about it because it was benign.

Next came a man who had lived in the house as a youth, from age seventeen to twenty. He brought his wife and daughter for a weekend visit.

Miss Jenkins asked why his parents stayed such a short time. He said, "Because my mother couldn't bear to live here any longer; she felt somehow the place was unfriendly. Now, remember you asked me—I hadn't wanted to mention it, myself."

Her curiosity now thoroughly aroused, Miss Jenkins sought out the people she had bought the house from, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mahony. Had the presence ever bothered them?

The answer: "Well, there were a lot of noises we couldn't explain. Very Reverend Monsignor Charles T. Boyd of Petersville often came to visit, and he was the only one who ever saw her—he saw her on several occasions."

This was the first time it ever occurred to Miss Jenkins to think of the presence as a "he" or a "she." Evidently it was feminine.

A little more illumination was shed when Stephen Hall of Lloydminster, B.C., son of the second owner of the house, came with his wife and son for a weekend stay. He'd been born under this roof seventy-five years previously, and lived here until seventeen.

As a boy, he related, he heard stories of a vague mystery from years before, and heard peculiar noises himself. But young Stephen Hall thought little of it until someone in the house frequently reported seeing an unusual light moving through the upstairs hall and up the attic stairs. It was seen both from the first floor, looking up the curving staircase, and from outside.

Is Miss Jenkins herself continuously aware of the presence?

"No, only from time to time, but Miss Baird feels it strongly quite often.

"From the very start I felt the house had been lived in. You never feel alone. Time after time you have a feeling someone has come into the room. You look around automatically, and see nobody there."

Then she pondered seriously.

"But the terrible thing is to see the cat looking around too ... following something across the room with its eyes staring wide ... but you can't see a thing."

One who dealt bluntly with the spirit—and apparently found the technique worked—was Mrs. Jean Taylor, who resided at the Jenkins home for six years.

She was alone for the first time there when Miss Jenkins went to Boston. From upstairs Jean Taylor heard the sound of the front door opening—a suitcase or parcel being plopped down—then the door closing again.

She walked down the stairs, saying happily, "Why did you come back so early?"

But there was no suitcase. There was nobody in the hall. The front door was still locked. The silence was eerie.

Some people at this point might have panicked.

Not Jean Taylor. She said out loud, "You just leave me alone and I'll leave you alone"—and walked back up the stairs. She was never bothered again.

One day a radio announcer drove up from Saint John with his wife and small daughter for a short visit. After listening to the ghost tales, he summed up the situation un-

qualifiedly: "You'd have to be nuts to believe there's a presence in this house!"

With that he took his little girl out on the lawn to play.

When he went to re-enter the house, he couldn't seem to turn the knob of the front door. He tried the back door: the same frustration.

Finally he called to his wife to let him in. She did.

"Why did you lock me out?" he demanded.

"The door wasn't locked."

But all that afternoon the skeptic repeatedly found he couldn't get in either the front door or the back door.

The generally accepted explanation is that he didn't have the knack of turning an old-fashioned door-knob.

Was that really it?

The interior of the old mansion would intrigue anyone with an eye for history or antiques. To begin with, the man who built it was an engineer rather than an architect—he designed windows for their pleasing looks from the outside, apparently never caring whether the inside would be cut up. (In a couple of places, including the upstairs hall, the partitions bisect the windows.)

A handsome staircase beside the front entrance spirals upward to the second floor. The livingroom has the original heavy pine-plank floor. Oddly, a window in that room can be raised and a Dutch half-door below it can be opened to form a man-size exit to the rear grounds. Venerable mahogany tables and chairs and china cabinets glow softly with the dignity of their 200 to 300 years.

"That wing-chair you're sitting on is close to three centuries old," Miss Jenkins remarks. "Incidentally, it's hand-woven upholstery—woven here of Canadian wool and Czechoslovakian satin ... and (wouldn't you know!) that's the one the cat picks to sharpen her claws on."

On a huge raised table in another room—each table leg standing on several thick volumes—she has been cutting out hand-woven ties in blue and white for the students of Rothesay Collegiate School.

"A new use for an old encyclopaedia," she explains. "I work in the house when the cold weather sets in."

But this task in hand isn't a big one, comparatively speaking—nothing like, for example, hand-weaving more than 1,000 yards of the Royal Canadian Air Force tartan to kilt three bands in the Second Great War, two in Canada and one overseas. And, she remembers vividly, "it was a real thrill to see the touring RCAF Women's Pipe Band parading down the street in Fredericton, bagpipes skirling, our tartan kilts waving as they marched."

At least one scientific researcher has explored the inside of the Jenkins residence—and, to his belief, even located the presence.

He is a young physicist, a Ph.D. who originally hailed from New Brunswick and is now working in the United States. Just previously he had been divining for water—successfully—to locate a new well for his father's near-by farm.

On this occasion the enterprising experimenter, accompanied by a Gagetown friend, was ready to track down a ghost.

"If you can divine for water this way," he said confidently, "why can't you divine for a presence?"

So he slid the gold wedding ring off his finger, plucked a hair from his wife's blonde head, and tied the ring to one end of it. Then he suspended the ring in the air like a motionless yo-yo.

"I saw it swing out at that very moment," affirms Miss Jenkins. "At the foot of the stairs it signalled a left-turn from the kitchen, and swung a little up-stairs ... a left again, and left along the second-floor hall, and left again into a small bedroom. It came to rest over the bed, with the ring hanging perpendicularly."

The physicist was delighted.

"Well, this is where she is today!" he said triumphantly—and duly apologized to the presence for intruding on her.

"How do you know you didn't strike water?" Miss Jenkins asked.

He thought quite a while about that one.

If there ever was a haunted house in a setting that didn't even remotely resemble the popular image of a brooding, sepulchral, hostile pile of masonry, the Jenkins house is it. This is a lovely old home in a distinctive village of lovely old homes—at least seven date back to the 1800 era, some earlier. Not far away is the former residence of Sir Leonard Tilley, one of the founders of Confederation—now a regional museum—built in 1786, just three years after the first waves of United Empire Loyalists swept in from New York.

Gagetown was, in fact, early visualized as the capital of the new province. The site was surveyed, the blocks laid out. But the Dutch had once captured Fort Jemseg, a few miles up river, transforming Acadia temporarily into New Holland. When the time came to select a capital for New Brunswick, Gagetown was deemed too accessible from the sea, so the nod went to Fredericton, forty miles farther up stream.

The pastoral charm of the village has exerted its magnetism from pioneer days. The builder of the Jenkins home, wealthy Honourable Hugh Johnson, whose family lived in it for thirty-five to forty years, is said to have inherited the title of Marquis of Annandale while residing here, but relinquished his noble status because he didn't want to leave and spend part of the time in Scotland.

Reflecting the fact that the Johnsons had seven gardeners, the trees around the home still thrive tall, stalwart and luxuriant—linden, oak, pine, maple, ash, black locust, hawthorn (the tree of the Johnson clan), and boxwood, believed to be the only tree of this species in the Maritime Provinces.

But even amidst these beautiful surroundings, on the greensward outside the house the presence doesn't let you forget her.

Several yards from the front door is a large scorched oval, almost a circle, about eighteen feet long, on the lawn—like a brand mark on a giant heifer—where the dead grass seems trodden down.

It reminds you of the well-used orbit of a tethered horse.

But no horse has plodded around that perimeter. Nor any other living creature.

"We've dug eighteen inches down and filled the circumference with fresh soil and planted grass seed," says Miss Jenkins. "But it always soon dies. *Nothing* will grow. No one knows why."

Does she have any theory of her own?

She smiles. "Sometimes we call it where the Unidentified Flying Object landed—or where the fairies dance.

"Or maybe," she adds with a cheerful shrug, "it's where 'she' does her exercises."

The Man Who Left No Footprints

Old houses have a habit of retaining lingering ghosts, like lingering memories.

In the case of a venerable wooden dwelling on First Street in Lewisville, they were tragic memories and at times rambunctious spirits—but the people subsequently living under that roof got used to them.

"We moved there in 1937 and spent nine years in the house," recalls Mrs. Dorothy Hawkes, an attractive brunette grandmother who now resides in Stoney Creek, a few miles from Moncton. "It was the home of my father-in-law, Fred MacLean, and we often heard footsteps at night going up the stairway that led from the hall to the upstairs."

Her daughter, Mrs. Marilyn Tower of Riverview, a comely, tall, dark-eyed young woman interjects, "I could tell by the lightness of the step, and the heel-click on the wooden stairs, it was very definitely a woman. She would just come to the landing at the head of the stairs, outside my bedroom."

Mrs. Hawkes adds, "She never went into any room."

Her daughter heard the presence the first time when she was only four years old. "I thought it was my mother, and I asked her the next day why she was roaming around with high heels."

Mrs. Hawkes nods affirmatively at the recollection: "I asked my mother-in-law the same question after the first night I stayed there; she replied lightly, 'That's our ghost—you're being initiated.'"

Then one day an elderly neighbour told the owners what had happened many years before—a man, woman and

child lived there, and the man murdered the woman in the kitchen. One rumour was he buried her directly below in the mud basement. Some believe he slew the child, too.

"My father, who is dead now, saw the child appear in a white nightgown," says Mrs. Tower. "He was sleeping on a cot in the kitchen, and when he woke up she was standing there, bathed in a white light, leaning over his head; he noticed she had long blonde curls.... It was not uncommon for all of us to hear a child crying at odd hours during the night."

And one night, at long last, the woman with the light footstep was seen.

Mrs. Hawkes earnestly takes up the story: "That evening my sister-in-law, Anne, who was brought up in the house, saw the woman in the doorway, all in white, standing just inside the screen door—the other door was open. Anne called to her mother to come to the door. Her mother said, 'The door is open.' But no way would she go in. Then the vision vanished."

However, the only really disturbing thing was the occasional racket at night from the kitchen.

"You'd hear this great big row from the kitchen, over and over and over," recalls Mrs. Hawkes. "Mostly noises like fighting, or pushing furniture around. We all heard it.

"My father-in-law came down the stairs one night, saying, 'What's all the racket in the kitchen? It woke me up. What are you doing down here to make so much noise?' But there was no one in the kitchen."

One of the most baffling manifestations was the man who left no footprints.

"Late one winter afternoon," says Mrs. Hawkes, "I saw this man in a red plaid mackinaw jacket coming up the lane toward the house; he walked past the window and into the porch, and I saw the doorknob turn. All this time I naturally thought it was my husband, because the man looked tall and big-shouldered and slim rather than heavy.

"When the door didn't open, I remembered that doorknobs in old houses sometimes stick, so I went to open the

other kitchen door. There was no one outside—and there were no footprints in the snow—even though there'd been quite a fluffy snowfall and the walk hadn't been shovelled.

"At different times later, my mother-in-law and my sister-in-law and Marilyn's two smaller sisters all saw the man in the red plaid mackinaw repeat the same act."

The strange old house was eventually demolished; but Mrs. Hawkes and her family still share happy memories of it.

"I felt really bad when they tore it down," says Marilyn Tower. "I felt that part of me was gone."

In short: If you've always thought of ghosts as ominous, sinister, evil beings—here's a family who sadly misses the spirits of the departed since they departed.

The Dungarvon Whooper

He was a fine broth of a boy, 'twas remarked at the time—tall, handsome, as brave a figure as King Brian Boru, with the jet-black hair and eyes to match which characterize one of the numerous strains of typical Irishmen, and with the robust glow of countenance that immigrants from the Auld Sod arrive with in North America.

Time has blurred his identity. His name, some say, was Ryan.

His first job in the land of opportunity—and his last—was as the cook for a winter logging camp on the Dungarvon River, a branch of the main Renous River, which in turn empties into the southwest branch of that world-renowned New Brunswick salmon stream, the Miramichi, about twenty miles from Newcastle. The time was the 1860s.

All this—it should be made clear at the outset—is not a matter of documented record. It is the most commonly accepted version of how the storied Miramichi country's greatest ghost mystery originated.

Young Ryan and the camp boss were left alone when the lumberjacks went out to fell the big timber. The cook was wearing a money belt. Apparently temptation was too much for the avaricious boss. Some contend he cut the young man's throat and buried the body in the stable litter; it was found because when the lumbering crew came back, and the boss tried to shrug off the cook's disappearance by saying he must have quit and left, the lumberjacks found no snowshoe prints going away from the camp except their own.

But the well-loved "poet of the Renous," Michael Whalen, who lived from 1857 to 1937, and found respite from

his prosaic job as a lumber company bookkeeper by turning out a prodigious flow of homespun verse, had a somewhat different account. The crafty boss, he implied, slew the cook in such a way as to make it appear the youth was suddenly stricken by a fatal seizure. Wrote Whalen, in melodramatic vein closely related to the heart-rending Miramichi ballads known as "come-all-ye's":

When the crew returned that night,
What a sad scene met their sight—
There lay the young cook silent, cold and dead,
Death was in his curling hair,
In his young face pale and fair,
While his knapsack formed a pillow for his head.

From the belt around his waist
All his money was misplaced,
Which made the men suspect some serious wrong.
Was it murder cold and dread
That befell the fair young dead
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon rolls along?

The verses go on to narrate that they questioned the boss, who haughtily turned away his head: "Well, the youngster took so sick, and he died so mighty quick, I hadn't time to think."

Four feet of snow were falling—such a depth that it was impossible to transport the body to the distant cemetery; so they scooped out a shallow forest grave, "and in it the cook was laid, while the song birds and the woodsmen ceased their song."

Then it happened—

Suddenly that night, while the lumberjacks mourned in camp, shrill unearthly whoops echoed through the dark forest—"yells the warmest blood to chill"—striking terror into the hearts of all within hearing.

Pale and ghastly was each face,
"We shall leave this fearful place
For this camp unto the demons does belong"...

And leave they did. New crews were hurriedly brought into the forest—only to throw down their axes and trek out again when the horrible screams frayed their nerves beyond endurance.

Sometimes, it was said, the awful sounds were borne on the winds all the way to the northwest Miramichi, miles distant.

Unless you heard the "Dungarvon Whooper" yourself, veteran woodsmen still insist, you can't imagine the devastating impact of the wild yells as they gradually came nearer—how stout-hearted men were reduced to numbed, unreasoning, panicky creatures with only one overwhelming impulse: to flee.

A lumberjack commented, "The old-timers said it was always at the same time—sundown—and it rarely continued for more than ten minutes. One night it would be near the scene of the murder, the next night possibly ten miles down stream, and the next the same distance up stream. I haven't met anyone who has heard it in the last generation; but if you want to see for yourself, the best idea would be to pitch a fly tent at the junction of the Dungarvon and Catamaran rivers for a week any summer."

The most famous Miramichi ballad singer of them all, hearty Wilmot MacDonald of the rich sonorous voice, a man who has a repertoire of more than 100 lengthy songs ("I never forget a song once I learn it—I could sing for a week without repeating"), knew some of the men who heard the Whooper in the old days:

"The late John Dolan told me it would make the hair stand up on your head."

He also knew Father Murdoch, the clergyman to whom the lumber companies at last turned in despair.

"The good father was pretty old when I met him," says Wilmot MacDonald. "He used to still come to visit the camps, and the men would make up a collection for him."

Recalls Frank Estey of Sevogle, another star of the Miramichi Folksong Festival, speaking for himself and his brother Raymond:

"We had an uncle who worked on the Dungarvon—Mike Fitzgerald, a man who wouldn't tell a lie any more than a priest. He didn't know anything about the Dungarvon Whooper when he went there.

"He heard a terrible yell from somewhere in the woods, so he yelled back as loud as he could. Then it came handier. He told us, 'I'll never forget it—it nearly deafened me! The scream shook the landing on the river so bad I fell down.'

"The boss—his name was Billy O'Brien—warned my uncle, 'You shouldn't have answered it.' The hardest-hearted men couldn't stand it."

Charles Slane of McGivney, an internationally known balladeer, says the late Billy Price told him he heard faint yells in the distance that could have been the Dungarvon Whooper. Often, evidently, woods crews hearing the spine-tingling screech jumped to the conclusion that one of their workers had got lost, and counted heads to reassure themselves.

A rumour spread widely among logging camps that anyone answering the Whooper's yells and going into the woods looking for him would become lost... that the Whooper even tried to lure them to their doom with the aroma of frying bacon.

Others said the phenomenon was heard only when the cook's improvised grave was disturbed—then the ghost would rise shrieking.

But most asserted the screams were the murdered man's demand for vengeance, and they swore their horses shied away from the Whooper Spring, where the grave lies.

So it's hardly surprising that the lumber company owners, either from a deeply-felt religious conviction or more possibly from pure desperation, invited Father Murdoch, a youthful friend of the lumberjacks, to see what he could do.

Reverend Edward S. Murdoch was the parish priest of Renous. Contemporary photographs show him not as one of the familiar stern-visaged daguerrotypes of the era who look as if they came from another planet, but a slender, clean-

shaven, fine-looking young man of sensitive features who would fit in admirably at one of F. Scott Fitzgerald's soirees for young intellectuals in the 1920s.

Father Murdoch duly performed the church mass of exorcism. As Michael Whalen penned it, the Whooper's outbursts were continuing at the time—

Till beside the grave did stand
God's good man with lifted hand
And prayed that this scene would not prolong—
That these fearful sounds should cease,
That this soul might rest in peace
Where the deep and dark Dungarvon sweeps along.

The devout will tell you that the screams subsided as of that day; the dissidents will aver that the Dungarvon Whooper kept disturbing the peace intermittently for another half-century, particularly in September and October, until the early 1900s.

But the over-riding question that has since persisted is: What really made the Dungarvon Whooper whoop?

Was it, as many believe, a ghost screaming for vengeance?

If it wasn't supernatural, then why is it (as Frank Estey of Sevogle will ask you) that "never a brush has growed in half an acre around the grave"?

Was it an eastern panther wailing its piercing feminine-like screech to the skies? (This cougar species, thought for most of a century to be extinct in New Brunswick, is now known to have survived to today.)

Could it have been the eerie loud sound of two trees rubbing against one another in a gale?

Or was it the barred owl, which gives forth occasionally with a blood-chilling yell? (If you listen to the end of the bird's cry, naturalists solemnly say, you will hear a soft "woo" that distinguishes it beyond question as an owl. But few wait to listen to the end.)

It matters not as far as the faithful are concerned. They believe the epilogue that Michael Whalen wrote:

All around the Whooper's Spring
There is heard no evil thing
And 'round the Whooper's grave sweet silence dwells.

Scores of down-to-earth "solutions" to the Whooper mystery have been offered over the years. One of the most intriguing was found by Fred H. Phillips, a New Brunswick archivist, in the journals and papers of Frank H. Risteen, official reporter of the provincial Legislature, who died at thirty-nine in California in 1900.

Risteen and a salmon-angling friend, Frederick W. Irland of the congressional reporting staff in Washington, arrived at an abandoned cabin known as Pond's Camp, two miles from the Dungarvon River, in July of 1896.

Sitting around the old stove with their two guides that evening, they heard long discourses on the Dungarvon Whooper. According to the guides, the phenomenon had first been heard in the winter of 1869-70 around Clearwater Brook, an up-river tributary of the Southwest Miramichi. On blizzardy nights it approached so close to logging camps that horses snorted, neighed, stomped and reared in fright.

After 1874, the guides recollected, the Whooper unaccountably vanished, not to appear again for fifteen years —this time on the Dungarvon River and much more audacious than before. The ghostly creature broke into empty logging camps in summer and made off with the flour, pork, and salt cod stored for the winter.

It screamed so close to old Tom Hunter one dark October night, as his team plodded along a bank of the Dungarvon, that Tom jumped to the back of the wagon for his axe, the horses bolted, the wagon slewed and overturned and tumbled down ten feet into the rocky bed of the stream. Tom laboriously righted everything while the Whooper shrilled loudly in apparent derision, and he drove the last bumpy mile to camp in the shallow water.

More than a year later Tom Hunter sought refuge for the night in an empty depot camp after his wagon got bogged in a mudhole. He kept a candle burning near his bunk to warn a family of skunks away in case they came up from under the floor—and three times he awoke to discover the light was out and the candle gone. Incredibly, on the third occasion the door he had latched was wide open—and outside, in the flickering light of his last candle, he saw a human footprint in the new-fallen snow!

To heighten the eeriness of it all, from across a ravine came shrieking laughter: the same sounds Tom had heard the night he was hurled into the cold Dungarvon waters.

Tales like these were recounted around the stove that July evening in 1896 before Risteen and Irland and guides drowsily turned in.

In the dead of night, screams rent the still air outside the camp. Everyone awoke with a start and sat upright.

Slowly the door of the cabin opened. One of the guides shakily lit a candle.

Silhouetted in the doorway was an unkempt old man clad in tattered rags, his long hair hanging in tufts down to his shoulders. Without a word he shuffled over to stretch his bony hands above the warm stove.

Starey-eyed, almost incoherent, he indicated he subsisted in the woods on berries, nuts, fish, birds and frogs. He devoured proffered food like a ravenous animal, but refused to stay in the shack and instead slept curled up on the ground outside, barefooted. After declining breakfast, he trudged away into the brush, still barefooted, a worn-through pair of shoes hanging from the axe-handle over his shoulder, his only other possession a dilapidated Catholic Bible.

Fred Irland had the presence of mind to snap a picture of the weird stranger before he departed. No more was heard of anyone resembling him until autumn, when a group of sportsmen found a strange hermit sleeping on a lake shore near Millinocket, Maine, 200 miles away. This man had no axe; he walked in time-worn muddy moccasins; his trousers

were a shambles, held together by fibrous threads of spruce root.

The Maine sportsmen gave him clothes, money and two days' food after he rested at their camp for several days, and even paddled him across a lake so he could hike down a tote road into the forest fastness.

Were both strangers the same man? Yes, says Frank Risteen's journal—the snapshots taken by the Maine group, when compared with Fred Irland's, left no doubt.

So was this, then, the Dungarvon Whooper of legendary fame?

Perhaps. But the Whooper continued to be heard past the turn of the century—past the conceivable time that a frail aging man could be presumed to survive in the wilds.

An impression has persisted in New Brunswick that a Miramichi train became familiarly known as the "Dungarvon Whooper" because its whistle sounded like the hair-raising whoop of the forest spectre.

Dr. Louise Manny, the historian, told the story of what actually happened:

The first train that ran from Quarryville to Newcastle was loaded with Dungarvon River lumberjacks celebrating their weekend off with the riotous hilarity that is characteristic of high-spirited men suddenly freed from monotonous isolation.

They shouted, they sang, they told raucous jokes, they drank, not necessarily in that order.

Every time the train blew its whistle, they whooped up an ear-splitting echoing chorus.

E.S. (Ned) Vye was the long-suffering conductor of the historic train.

He stepped down to the platform when the festive run reached Newcastle, and an Anglican clergyman innocently asked what train this was.

With a sigh the patient conductor answered: "The Dungarvon Whooper."

So that was what it was called throughout the four decades the railway service was operated, until 1936.

It was the first train in the world named in honour of a ghost.

The Tombstone That Wouldn't Stay Put

John Hopper, fifty-one, was determined to end it all. No one, he vowed, would stop him this time. So on May 5, 1850, in a second attempt to take his life, he leaped headlong into the pond back of his home on Deer Island—and that was it.

His body was easily found, because he had foresightedly attached a string to himself and tied the other end to a loaf of bread which floated on the surface, like a lobster-trap buoy.

Friends recalled that John Hopper often said he didn't want to be buried with a regular headstone—he just wanted an anonymous grave.

He was not to get his wish. Loving relatives put up a fine tombstone at the head of the grave in the pasture behind his home.

A few days afterward the tombstone was found lying flat on the ground

Workmen were promptly called to re-erect it firmly in an upright position. Meanwhile, stories began to circulate that John Hopper's ghost had been seen roaming the area.

Again the tombstone fell over—and again, a third time.

This was just the start of the strange Mystery of Hopper's Headstone, which after all these years is still a live topic on Deer Island, one of the picturesque fishing isles near the entrance to the Bay of Fundy.

A few of Mr. Hopper's well-intentioned neighbours talked over the problem of the toppling tombstone, and finally set it up in a solid concrete foundation. One was heard

to comment, "There, let's see you shove that over, John Hopper."

Only a few days later a neighbour revisited the scene and discovered the tombstone was split horizontally, with the upper section lying on the earth.

Not surprisingly, tales of John Hopper's dissatisfied ghost gained momentum all over Deer Island. Young people feared to walk home through Hopper's Woods in the dark of night.

One old gentleman still living tells of a nerve-wracking walk through those woods one moonless night more than sixty years ago. Close behind him, on the dark road overshadowed by trees, he heard footsteps following. He walked faster; the footsteps stopped—there was no sound at all. Panic seized him, his heart pounded loud and he started to run—just as a screech owl gave a spine-chilling scream over his head, nearly finishing him off.

Impelled by curiosity, Stirling Lambert, a filmmaker of Lambertville, Deer Island, hiked to the old pasture a few years ago and discovered that the tombstone, now surrounded by forest, was in two sections, with the larger three-quarter-size top segment lying flat on the soil.

"I propped up the bigger piece," he recalls. "But when I came back a couple of years later, both parts were lying on the ground. So I deferred to Mr. Hopper's wishes and didn't change anything again."

Subsequently a new community dump was established in the forest. Everybody going there took time to see Hopper's grave and the broken tombstone. Almost daily somebody would set up the stone against a tree, and next morning it would be flat. This continued for several weeks—and then the stone was found smashed into a thousand fragments. Some folks attributed this to mischievous teen-agers —but, to play it safe, everybody now shuns the Deer Island dump after dusk.

The peculiar case of John Hopper's headstone came to light again when we dropped in on Mildred Jones and Addie Green at their unique Deer Island gift shop—a place that looks like an old weathered shed, its slabwood sides hung with buoys, fish netting, lobster-trap markers. The interior is filled with ingenious handmade novelties, driftwood seascapes, dolls and fantasy characters made out of such materials as seashells and huge mushrooms.

Hale, hearty, and happy-looking in a flowered sleeveless blouse and rolled-up blue denim pants, Mildred Jones was enthusiastically imaginative in telling us about the melancholy tombstone and how eventually, in utter despair, it cracked asunder in its solid base.

Her eyes glistened with the drama of it all.

"Kids," interposed Addie Green. "Kids did it." Short-haired, she wears horn-rimmed glasses that give her a serious mien and she's more of a realist than Mildred Jones. Addie makes transparent paperweight sea-bottom scenes, Christmas tree ornaments from milkweed pods, many other talented knick-knacks.

"I couldn't even *lift* the headstone myself," Mildred Jones expostulated. "How could young people do it?"

"Kids," said Addie Green flatly. "Mischievous kids. They're strong. They did it."

"No, Mr. Hopper was unhappy about the headstone," Mildred Jones said staunchly. "So he kept moving it."

"Kids," insisted Addie Green, shaking her head at the modern generation.

"And finally," Mildred Jones went on, "he smashed the tombstone into bits and pieces."

"Kids," persisted her friend.

"So I went up the hill and brought home a piece of the tombstone," continued Mildred Jones obliviously. "Now, just step over this way. See? I put it in my rock garden!"

There it was—a jagged, letter-carved fragment of white granite as big as life, or death, reposing among her tide-

smoothed beach stones and the luxuriant lupin, tiger lilies, columbine, and foxglove.

"I thought he'd like to be planted in a restful place," mused Mildred Jones.

After a moment of reflection she added happily, "At least he hasn't moved the stone lately."

The Phantom of Bay Chaleur

Sister Catherine Jolicoeur of the Assumption Order, Campbellton, who teaches in the little northern New Brunswick meat-packing village of Paquetville, has one of the most unusual hobbies in the world.

She collects ghost ships.

Starting in 1960 with the Phantom Ship of Bay Chaleur, she's recorded more than a thousand sightings all over the world—1,070 to be exact.

Ghost ships, Sister Jolicoeur has learned, are a universal natural phenomenon.

"Science could not explain it, so science has tended to ignore it," she says. "People who see the Phantom Ship are not just imagining things. They certainly see something. One theory is that it's a kind of mirage; others think it's a marine phosphorescent manifestation.

"In Europe it's usually seen as simply a ghostly vessel, not a ship on fire. The most popular version there is the 'Flying Dutchman,' a ship with red sails facing into the wind, regarded as a sign of disaster."

Legend says the captain of the *Flying Dutchman*, as punishment for his crimes, was condemned to sail his ghost ship from now to eternity without ever coming into port.

Many spectral vessels have been reported off the Maritime Provinces shoreline—but the most famous by far, and the most durable, is the Phantom Ship of Bay Chaleur.

Sister Jolicoeur, born on Quebec's Gaspe coast, has never seen it herself. However, she has an evergrowing dossier of reports from people of all ages who have and their descriptions of the ship correspond closely.

"The most recent," she says, "comes from a 104-year-old

Caraquet man, Fred Cormier, who tells of seeing the Phantom Ship when he was considerably younger."

The vision is considered by many a portent of bad weather, probably a nor'wester, if not necessarily calamity. But very definitely it's something ablaze.

The incredible thing is the microscopic detail people are often convinced they see.

From his locomotive cab near Grand Anse "I saw masts and spars of a vessel bursting forth with flames not a mile distant," said railway fireman Richard Jefferson in 1892. "Smoke was billowing up through the rigging. Figures were rushing to and fro on her decks. I called the engineer, and he said, 'Hell, that's just the Burning Ship.'"

More restrained is Bert Wood, an instructor in commercial cooking at the Bathurst Trade School: "When we lived in Stonehaven, our whole family watched the Fire Ship that night in September 1969, before Hurricane Gerda struck.

"It was a brilliant, spectacular sight—more like a building on fire than a ship. It would flare up and then die down to a glimmer. But it was travelling very fast—about sixty miles an hour."

Over the years, thousands of people have witnessed the phenomenon—including entire picnicking Sunday school classes and their clergy—so there's little sea-leg room left for the diehard skeptics to stand on. They're mostly North Shore lifetime residents who have never viewed it.

The odd way the wheel of chance spins, a few fortunate ones like Frank Hornibrook of Stonehaven have seen it twice—astoundingly, in his case, twice on successive evenings. The first time he was driving along the coastal highway toward Bathurst on a Sunday night in the mid-1960s. He watched it for five minutes. The next evening he was telling the experience to Mr. and Mrs. William A. Smith at New Bandon when Mrs. Smith shouted: "Look from this window quick—your Phantom Ship is back again!" They all watched for about sixteen minutes before its upflaming lights waned.

"It wasn't far from shore this time—a mile or two, per-

haps," Mr. Hornibrook recalled. "A ball of yellow fire. ... When it finally started to fade, it vanished as fast as it appeared."

Mrs. Smith informed me on my recent tour of Phantom Ship country, "I saw it myself that time out the window—I sure did—and Willie, that's my husband, he saw it too. It was a moving light, a glow, but it didn't seem to me to be more than a few fathoms out in the bay." At this point the distance across the bay to the Gaspe shore is thirty miles.

Her husband's reactions were unavailable at the moment. "Willie's gone out picking apples," Mrs. Smith explained cheerily. "He's like a young man, and he's eighty-four."

Not everyone, of course, thinks there is a natural explanation for the Phantom Ship. Some old-timers along the coast from Campbellton to Miscou Island will assure you it's the ghost of a sailing vessel beached at Green Point in a storm in the 1600s.

Others on Shippegan Island have always called it the "John Craig light"—after a vessel of that name wrecked in a gale in the 1700s. A survivor was Shippegan pilot Alexander (Sandy) Campbell, a powerful swimmer who brought ashore the limp and dying form of the cabin boy through turbulent seas. As proof of their belief, this faction will point out that the glow always appears to be a lantern swinging on a visible mast and yard—a cautionary beacon to seafarers to stay ashore because violent weather is brewing.

Still others associate it with ships involved in the 1760 Battle of the Restigouche, the last naval encounter of the Seven Years War in North Atlantic waters, in which an English force eliminated a weaker French squadron that sought refuge in Bay Chaleur. Several French warships were scuttled or burned. The battle had a dramatic aftermath: the French, about to escape overland, were reluctant to turn loose the British and New England seamen they had captured from merchant vessels while on route from Louisbourg on the intended voyage to Quebec, because the 250

Indians ashore might massacre them. So they left the prisoners aboard a ship—safe for the moment. One Englishman swam a mile to Campbellton and brought back a rescue fleet of small boats rowed by British sailors, as well as a schooner carrying heavy guns. All were saved—except six sailors who got down into the ship's rum and brandy hold and hilariously refused to be influenced by their shipmates' yells from above that the vessel had been set afire.

Whatever its origin or meaning, the Phantom Fire Ship is a tantalizing sight: when Shippegan fishermen have rowed out in their dories to overtake it, the mysterious will-o-the-wisp has kept constantly the same distance away from them—even when they bent to the oars until half-way across Bay Chaleur toward the Gaspe peninsula.

Historian Dr. W.F. Ganong, who made his own investigation at the turn of the century, wrote it's perhaps significant that the Phantom Ship appears in winter as well as summer, that it usually precedes a storm, and that it assumes different shapes, including a vibrating or dancing motion, and rising and falling columns of light. Its source is "Probably electrical—probably related to the phenomenon known to sailors as 'St. Elmo's Fire.'"

And speaking of people lucky enough to witness the spectacle twice, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hay of Bathurst encountered another quirk of co-incidence: she saw the Phantom Ship, he twice saw a Bay Chaleur mirage equally baffling.

"It was a very hot July day several years ago," Mrs. Hay says, "about two or two-thirty o'clock in the afternoon; there was a heat haze over the water. I was at our Youghal Beach cottage, where we've been going every summer for thirty years, and Frank was at work in his men's clothing store.

"The beach was loaded with people, so there were any number of eye-witnesses when—suddenly—the Phantom Ship appeared. Looking up the coast, it seemed to be off Belledune, about two miles from where we were.

"It was a white shape, similar to a ship, with lights in it;

and it had height and width. It seemed stationary.

"The word very quickly went along the beach. There was plenty of time to get binoculars and pass them along to others, because we watched for more than half an hour. Some of our children saw it. Everyone was excited—everyone was talking—nobody was doing anything else but watching."

Her husband relates:

"My most recent view of a mirage in the bay was in August of 1974, around one or two o'clock on a very hot afternoon—a very calm day, no wind, the water smooth and glassy. Looking northeastward from Youghal Beach toward Stonehaven, fifteen or eighteen miles away, the opposite direction from where my wife saw the ghost ship, we saw a wide panorama of magnified buildings.

"The buildings were elongated, very high... gradually they rose to twice their normal height... then enormously, to three or four times....

" Many people, including our next-door neighbor Vincent J. Whelton, a Bathurst lawyer, gathered to look through binoculars and speculate on what caused it." Frank Hay's daughter, Ms. Susan Hay, a Bathurst high school teacher, watched fascinated too.

Low cliffs on the shoreline became "massive 200-foot cliffs like Greenland, with perpendicular walls, and kept getting higher... a slanting church roof went up 100 feet ... the binoculars didn't make any difference

"We looked around to see if there were any fishing boats. There was one—three or four miles out. I suppose about fifteen feet high and twenty to twenty-five feet long, but it looked like a 100-foot-high yacht, almost like a passenger ship!"

The phenomenon was not merely due to reflections in the bay, they decided—it was apparently brought on by a combination of the heat haze and the hot sun on the water.

"We couldn't help thinking that while we knew the coastline, anyone seeing it for the first time that day would certainly be convinced his eyes were telling him the truth," Mr.

Hay remarks. "And we realized how easy it would be for anyone lost in the desert to be completely deceived by mirages.

"Altogether we watched the mirage for an hour and a half, and wondered how it would recede. Finally it did—in the same way it started: Everything came right back into shape again, gradually, from the top down."

But wherever you travel around the New Brunswick coast you have an odds-against chance, if remote, of catching a glimpse of a dazzling seaward phenomenon. Fire ships are occasionally reported in Northumberland Strait, the nine-mile-wide stretch of salt water between New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. And in the south they've been seen by residents of the old-time wooden-shipbuilding centre of St. Martins—once the wealthy "village of sea captains"—looking out over the forty-mile vista of the Bay of Fundy toward Nova Scotia.

Recalls Mrs. Eldon Jackson of West Quaco Road; "When I was in my 'teens I watched it for five minutes. It looked like a ship on fire, moving, and you thought you could distinguish the black figures of people running around the deck, but the fire was in the rigging."

Mrs. Horace Gillmor of Sussex: "It certainly looked like a vessel enveloped in flames when I saw it for about ten minutes as a young girl, It could not have been more than two miles out in the Bay of Fundy."

Adds Mrs. Arvilla Sederquest: "I saw it with several others about seventy-five years ago when I was quite young —fifteen or so—and it seemed to be a moving mass of flames. It was well up toward the head of the Bay of Fundy, in the vicinity of the Isle of Haute."

Which is a reminder, incidentally, that if you feel bad about failing to see a fire ship off St. Martins, you can always hire a fishing boat to take you over the bay to Isle Haute. There, if you dig in the precise spot at the precise time (midnight), on the one midnight in seven years when the isle traditionally changes position, and if you remain

completely wrapped in silence, your spade may clank against Captain Kidd's treasure chest.

The reason no one ever recovers it—so folklore says—is that it's so hard to resist exclaiming out loud in shock, and thus disqualifying yourself, when a blinding flash of light emerges from the pit and a headless pirate sentry emerges to walk around ceaselessly.

'A Little Old Man With A Little Pot Belly'

When Colleen Thompson saw the old white colonial residence with the ell in back, and the towering shade trees all around, she immediately fell in love with it.

The gracious two and a half-storey home at Lincoln, ten miles from Fredericton, N.B., with its twenty-one rooms, great central hallway, nostalgic shutters, had historical interest, too. The original owner was Duncan Glasier, member of the pioneering family that produced a famous brother, John Glasier, the first lumberman to drive logs over the deep-plunging Grand Falls cataract. He was known as the "main John"—a term which later became applied to the main boss-man in any sphere in North America.

"Nothing could deter me," Colleen Thompson recalls. "I wanted that house."

Perhaps because of her enthusiasm, she didn't listen too seriously when the friend who offered the property for sale after owning it for two years said laughingly, "Of course, you realize we have a ghost."

Colleen laughed too. The other went on—

"No matter how carefully you turn off all the lights when you go out in the evening, there will be lights on when you return home."

Colleen moved in with her three children, ages sixteen, thirteen and eight—and began finding out for herself.

"Even when we double-checked to make sure we were leaving the empty house in darkness, there would be some lights on—usually in the 'old' part, the ell—when we came back," she says.

(The ell, she explained, was really the new part, only

125 years old, while the house itself was the old part, 200 years old; but they always called the ell the "old" part because it had not been as well kept up in repair).

Then the new owner learned from neighbors that during the two months the house was vacant before she arrived, several young men took a dare to spend a night there. They managed to get in—but they heard so many loud thumps and other strange sounds in the pitch-blackness that they fled.

Now, Colleen Thompson herself is anything but a flappable person. She isn't the type to let her imagination run amok. Serenely poised, soft-spoken, reserved in manner, with her reddish hair softly brushed back, she reminds one of a younger Greer Garson. She is now married to Dr. Barry Thompson, dean of students at the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton.

But she says:

"*Goodness*, there were noises! I became convinced we had at least three ghosts—a friendly ghost, a poltergeist, and other kinds of presences..

"The first thing I noticed was when I was sunbathing in the yard at the end of June. Lying face-down, I heard all sorts of noises—loud, creaking, cracking noises, as if boards were being pulled, like wreckers tearing a house apart—and they seemed to be coming from the ell.

"I looked up: the noises stopped. When I put my head down, they started again. I went into the house, glanced around and called—nobody there. So I thought it must be the heat of the sun making unnatural sounds."

All members of the family were aware, when sitting alone in the livingroom or on the back step, of a feeling that somebody had just walked by.

"If we were immersed in a book, we forgot there was nobody in the house," says Mrs. Thompson. "That, of course, was the friendly ghost.

"The house, everyone said, always had a 'warm' feeling —a comfortable, hospitable sort of atmosphere. When you

came in at night, you never felt the house had been empty."

This was understandable.

Colleen Thompson chanced upon some old Historical Society publications in the house, and she began reading about "Black Peter," the Glasiers' faithful slave, who was loaned out once in a while to other land-owners to help build barns. Black Peter, described as having "a white fringe of hair", eventually was given his freedom and worked as a retainer until he was old and infirm, living in a little house out in the field. Duncan Glasier took him into the big house when he was stricken ill, and Black Peter is believed to have died in the ell.

Is there supposed to be any connection between Black Peter and the ghostly manifestations?

"Hard to say," smiles Mrs. Thompson. "We had so many kinds of presences! In the diningroom there was a real cold spot. If you passed your hand over it—right behind the door that led off the main hall—you felt a coldness on your arm; the hair would stand up on your arm.

"One very reputable laughing critic—a Canadian museum curator—got up and waved his arms out wide and said, 'Come on, Peter!' and just sat down, still laughing. Suddenly his face changed—the hair was standing up on his arms. He exclaimed, 'Something just touched me on the shoulder!'

"From a non-believer he became a believer."

Did others feel the same presence?

At this point her story takes a surprising—and even startling—turn.

"My sister-in-law was alone in the house one afternoon— I had asked her to help straighten the place out for me—and by the way, she had never heard of the strange goings-on.

"She was washing dishes in the kitchen, with her back to the diningroom, and happened to turn around—and there was a little old white man, with a fringe of white hair all around and a little pot belly, dressed in a strange old-fashioned nautical uniform of coarse material, and he had some old charts unrolled on the diningroom table, holding them

down with his arm as he studied them.

"My sister-in-law was just a little surprised that I hadn't told her I had someone staying there. She turned away quickly to wipe her hands, turned back—and he wasn't there."

Did anybody else see the old seadog?

Yes—incredibly.

A woman friend of hers was once sitting in the dining-room, waiting for her husband to bring her a cup of tea from the kitchen where Colleen Thompson was getting refreshments. The hostess looked in and, seeing her talking, said jokingly, "Marjorie, who are you talking to?"

She answered, "Well, I don't know. Have you got an uncle or somebody staying here?"

When the visitor looked around, he was gone.

She described him as "an old man with a fringe of white hair—and a little pot belly."

She had remarked, "Hello, what are you doing here?" and he replied, "I'm waiting for my wife."

Does Colleen herself believe in ghosts?

"I never did see anything. I just know there was a *presence* in the house. I felt it strongly." She reflects, "Sure I believe in ghosts...I think the house was full of ghosts. I mean, there are so many things we don't know, I can't disbelieve. I do know I had experiences in that home that can't be explained."

What about the poltergeist she mentioned? This is a kind of manifestation, literally meaning "racketing spirits", that has been reported all over the world, particularly in homes where there were highly sensitive puberty-age children.

Colleen Thompson had a woman friend, Betty, staying with her for a month with her thirteen-year-old daughter. Colleen herself had a thirteen-year-old son among her three.

One night Colleen and her friend stayed up until one a.m., talking. The hostess went to bed exhausted and fell sound asleep. Next morning she woke up to find her friend

in the kitchen drinking coffee, with big dark circles under her eyes. Her friend said, "*What* were you doing last night to make all that noise?"

Colleen was dumbfounded. Continued the guest:

"I thought you were packing to leave forever... footsteps back and forth in the ell, back and forth, trunk tops slammed down, trunks being dragged across the floor, coat hangers jangling, things generally being banged about...."

The children didn't hear it—nobody heard it but Betty.

But one night the children did hear something. Betty's daughter, in a bedroom upstairs in the main house, and Colleen Thompson's son and his friend in the family room of the ell, heard scraping, shoveling, "digging" noises from the basement or outside. The son shone his flashlight out, but nothing was to be seen. The noises stopped.

"But you understand," Colleen continues, "there was nothing 'hateful' about the presence, except perhaps the annoying noises, but these were isolated. Most of the time we only heard things like footsteps on the stairs at night—one step, one step, at a time—they never went beyond the top step, but went back down again.

"You see, we became accustomed to the presence. Soon after we sold the house, it burned—and we all felt as sorry as if we had lost a friend. An animal hospital in Lincoln now stands on the site.

"We still talk about the old house—we still think about it as there—we can see every nook and cranny."

Was This Madame La Tour's Ghost?

In all of Canada's beginning history there is no more heroic—nor more poignant—chapter than Madame la Tour's defence of her husband's fort.

Francoise Marie Jacquelin had two careers. She was a scintillating actress in France, the toast of the aristocratic Parisian stage-door set. When she feared at thirty-eight her youthful radiance was waning, because she wasn't getting the choicest lead roles, she accepted a marriage proposal by proxy and sailed over the seas to become the bride of a French seigneur and fur trader in Acadia, Charles St. Etienne de la Tour. His pallisaded wooden stronghold was at the mouth of the St. John River.

La Tour's arch-competitor was Sieur d'Aulnay Charnisay across the Bay of Fundy. Their rivalry escalated into outright war, one of the few instances in New World history where French fought French—raids, reprisal raids, ambushes, pursuits, blockades, furtive midnight escapes, desperate appeals from both sides to Versailles for help.

Through these drama-filled scenes moved the dynamic and oft imperious personality of Madame la Tour—demanding, insisting, daring, improvising, brushing aside protocol, refusing to be dominated for long. It's easy to imagine the pent-up fury she felt when, after one of her trans-Atlantic voyages to England in quest of aid—a trip made under threat from Versailles of execution if she left French soil—she sailed homeward with six months' supplies on a chartered ship, only to discover that Captain Bayley was blandly scorning her instructions. Instead of proceeding directly to the Bay of Fundy, he made a leisurely

passage up the St. Lawrence River, bartering with the Indians. Nor later could she do anything but keep vehemently silent with her maids in the depths of the vessel's hold when Charnisay's patrol vessels halted Captain Bayley at the entrance to the Bay of Fundy. The master asserted he knew nothing of Madame la Tour—he was only a law-abiding trading ship heading for Boston.

Was she properly grateful and submissive when he reached Boston? Not Madame la Tour. Raging, she stormed ashore, sued the captain for violating his charter, and was awarded £2,000 by an English colonial jury after a four-day trial. Immediately she chartered three New England vessels with food and armaments—and boldly penetrated the Charnisay blockade to sail into St. John harbour to a gala welcome.

But the event for which Madame la Tour is indelibly remembered was her gallant stand against heavy odds in the climactic siege of the St. John harbour fort, when her husband was away seeking more aid from Boston. It was a stand that held rock-firm until the fourth day when the attackers bribed a Swiss guard to let them scale the walls.

Although Charnisay at the last moment promised the lives of the fifty defenders would be spared if they laid down their arms, he promptly hanged the garrison—every man but one weak-spined soldier who agreed to hoist his fellows at the end of a rope. Obviously seething with hate, Charnisay forced Madame la Tour to watch the grisly proceedings with a noose around her neck.

What made Charnisay so diabolical? Perhaps it was that this attack cost his force twelve men killed and many wounded—on top of the fact that in an abortive assault two months previously he was repulsed by Madame la Tour with the loss of twenty killed and thirteen wounded and his own ship was nearly sunk. (This incidentally was the most sanguinary of all the 100 battles in New Brunswick's recorded history—and the victor was a lady who, though she didn't know it, was far in advance of Women's Lib.)

Such humiliations would be doubly noxious to a vain man like Charnisay. They may account for why he brushed off his veneer of chivalry and gloated over the heartpangs of his prize captive as she saw her faithful retainers, one by one, swinging in the Fundy breeze.

She died within three weeks—of a broken heart, her admirers said; of the overexerted fury of a temperamental actress, her detractors said; of poisoning administered by Charnisay, the realistic English Bostonians said.

Fort la Tour itself was razed. Its location was lost in the fogs of history. With it, unfortunately, disappeared any knowledge of the resting place of Madame la Tour, who has often been called "Canada's unknown heroine." She is believed to be buried near the fort site.

Throughout 1898 two prominent historians, Dr. W.F. Ganong and James Hannay, waged a polite and scholarly but bitter debate in the public prints of New Brunswick. Dr. Ganong cited old maps and quoted Nicholas Denys' early descriptive writings to prove Fort la Tour was "behind Navy Island" on the east side of the harbour. Mr. Hanny did the same to prove it was "behind Navy Island" on the west side of the harbour. "They continue relentlessly to argue the exact meaning of the old English word 'behind'," a contemporary account straight-facedly said.

Mrs. Huia Ryder, an authority on New Brunswick furniture who is also an historian, recalls an old West Side man who claimed he had incontrovertible proof Madame la Tour was buried on his side of the harbour and so the fort must have been there too.

"I've seen her ghost walking any number of times around the foot of my garden, on the point of property leading down toward where Navy Island once stood," he told Mrs. Ryder in the 1950s. "She wears an old-fashioned grey gown, and is quite a familiar sight to my family."

On the other hand, historical researchers in recent years excavating on the east side of the harbour have unearthed ancient wall foundations and chimney bases and

artifacts which convinced them Fort la Tour was there, in the shadow of today's great curvaceous harbour bridge.

Meanwhile the whereabouts of Madame la Tour herself is still a mystery.

Just possibly, however, significant clues have come to light.

Mrs. Ryder relates a strange story which she heard around the year 1965, but which cannot now be verified by its original source.

It concerns a respected Saint John merchant, a man we both knew, who died a few years ago.

"He told me, on the promise I wouldn't disclose it while he lived, that an aged man came into his store and offered to show him the coffin of Madame la Tour if he would observe utter secrecy."

The merchant agreed, and the old man took him in a taxi over to Main Street, just above Portland Point.

Then, though it was pitch-dark, the old man insisted on blindfolding him and led him through several streets and finally into a house and down into a basement, where the blindfold was removed.

"Now, just look," the old fellow said excitedly, "when I take out some of these bricks in the wall." The merchant stared as the end of a mouldering pine coffin was gradually revealed; it bore the name of Marie la Tour.

He kept watching in disbelief as the old man pulled off the end of the coffin and reached in and drew out some human bones.

The house had unknowingly been built right beside the ancient grave.

That, in any event, was the story.

When the old man was blindfolding the merchant again for the return walk to Main Street, he predicted confidently the bones would make him a fortune, though he didn't know exactly how.

Some time later, when a huge urban renewal project was launched in the Portland Point district, the merchant

again happened to meet the old man, who told him the house had been demolished.

What did he do with the remains? Got a great big sack, he said, put the bones and the end of the coffin in it, lugged it to his new rooming house, and put the sack under his bed.

It's possible to conjecture, then, what may have happened when the old man died: the landlady, finding a bag of bones and a piece of musty wood under the bed, would dump it into one of those dark green plastic bags, twist a tie on top and put it out at the end of the alley for the garbage man.

But the old man's tale was not necessarily authentic, in the opinion of veteran boat-maker Grenville Ring of Millidgeville, a fourth-generation descendant of a family of United Empire Loyalist shipbuilders.

"My father and my uncle were supervisors for James S. Gregory at Portland Point when wooden ships were repaired there. There were only three houses on Acadia Street below the railway track in those days, and when the boss bought the properties he had excavations dug to put water pipelines into the houses.

"I remember very well the day—I was about sixteen—when we dug up an oak casket back of Acadia Street. We took the side off, and a woman with long hair was lying inside. Her clothing was quite well preserved, at least until it was exposed to the air.

"The older men, whose memories went back to the 1840s when there were still Loyalists walking around, said they never heard of any burial ground there. So they came to the conclusion it must be the grave of Lady la Tour."

The workmen closed the casket, shovelled the earth back in again. If they were right, Canada's early heroine may still rest today somewhere down by the river at Portland Point—"she's part of what we used to call Green Hill," comments Grenville Ring.

He doesn't think much of that other story about the coffin being disclosed by a man taking bricks out of the cellar wall.

"Those old North End houses were all built on posts," he points out. "They had cellars, but no brickwork."

On the other hand, as Huia Ryder remarks, the brick wall could be a modern-day installation. Or it might have been really an old stone wall, not brick at all.

So it's conceivable Madame la Tour's grave has been rediscovered twice on the East Side.

In which case the ghost lady in grey, who promenades the foot of a West Side garden, must be haunting somebody else's family.

The Headless Nun

Charles des Champs de Boishebert will always be remembered by French-speaking New Brunswickers for his adroit generalship in snatching away 3,500 settlers from imminent exile during the Expulsion of the Acadians in the latter 1700s.

A town of fugitives took form on Boishebert's Island in the Miramichi River—a name hardly recognizable in its modern corruption as "Beaubear's Island." Many weary refugees stopped by only long enough to get their second wind before striking out again toward Edmundston and Quebec.

In 1756 Boishebert fortified a cove, its western entrance a high rocky promontory overlooking the sweep of the Miramichi River to east and west. After the second fall of Fortress Louisbourg in 1758 he positioned two frigates across the narrow mouth of the river, with 400 men drawn up in battle order on both banks—a show of power to discourage English warships from coming in to round up fleeing peasants.

Almost inevitably, tales of ghosts and buried Acadian treasure sprang up around "French Fort Cove" as it was called.

No one knew the lore of this region better than the late Dr. Louise Manny, who preserved hundreds of woodsmen's ballads—"come-all-ye's"—by taping old lumberjacks singing them, in a research project under Lord Beaverbrook's sponsorship. Louise Manny was not only an expert on traditional music but also an historian absorbed in everything from wooden ships to treasure trove—not forgetting the Miramichi's prolific ghosts.

Of French Fort Cove she said, "People claim to have seen Acadian ghosts shooting off noiseless cannon to scare away the English. And there's said to be buried Acadian treasure at the cove, which seems likely, as many refugees put their valuables underground. Nearly a century ago, too, it's said, a Newcastle innkeeper buried a barrel of silver—it has never been found. At some places in the cove they dig for treasure in the dark of the moon, with incantations.

"Paddy Perry—his name was actually Pierre Perriau, but he Irished it—told my father in the 1890s how he dug for the treasure. He went at midnight, said suitable ritual things, and started digging where he was sure the treasure lay."

Several feet down, Paddy's spade hit what seemed to be a chest. Immediately "a great big white thing" came whooshing out of the forest at him, and Paddy dropped the shovel and ran.

Next day he hesitantly went back to the scene—and to his astonishment there was no hole, nor any evidence of the earth being furrowed, nor any sign of his spade.

Added Louise Manny, a cynic about the chances of stumbling on a cheap fortune: "Of course some say the buried treasure was Captain Kidd's, which is reputed buried in every nook and cranny in eastern America."

There are old-time Miramichi residents who say the ancient French cannon were obstinately determined not to be used for any other purpose than defending the Cove. This romantic belief may have originated in the fact that Max Aitken (Lord Beaverbrook), his brother Traven Aitken and Dr. Robert Nicholson discovered a cannon mired in the mud of French Cove in the 1890s. The heavy old weapon was kept for a time in the Aitken family's Newcastle barn; then it was transferred to the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton, of which Lord Beaverbrook was life chancellor. The University intended to use the reluctant cannon at a celebration—but when it was loaded and fired, it exploded into bits.

However, French Fort Cove is best known for some-

thing other than armament or pieces of eight—something much more alarming.

It's the habitat of the Headless Nun.

"There is an old bridge across the upper end of the cove," Dr. Manny said, "and on it walks a French lady, some say a nun, or rather her ghost, carrying her head in her hand. She offers travellers a thousand guineas to take the head back to France... why a French lady should offer guineas, which are English coins, I cannot think."

In any event this tale was, and is, widely credited. One man who saw the spectre ran away in terror. Subsequently she appeared to him several times beside his bed in his home. Eventually he went to Buffalo, N.Y., to escape her. Fortunately she didn't follow him there.

As we said, Louise Manny was a realist with short patience for those who implicitly believe all ghost yarns. She commented, "Folklore is full of tales of persons who were murdered and buried to protect treasure. People seem to add this legend to any local tradition of treasure trove."

How did the nun's head get detached from the rest of her?

A version often told to young people by the late William Fenelon may provide the answer:

"One of the nuns from the fort settlement went to the Newcastle Indian camp to deliver a baby. She was coming back, crossing the bridge, when a trapper who had gone mad came out of the woods. He grabbed her and sliced off her head with one swipe of his razor-sharp knife. As she fell dead on the bridge he ran off with her head and buried it in the woods.

"Some men found the body, but no trace of her head nor the man who committed the murder; so they sent her body back to France and buried it in a great cathedral.

"So once a night when the moon is full you will see a small, shrouded, headless figure standing at the Cove bridge. When she meets someone, she will plead with him to find her head and send it to be buried with her remains back in France."

The Ghosts At The Festival

Perhaps because of its largely Celtic background, the storied Miramichi country teems with supernatural tales. And there's no better place to look for them than the annual three-day Miramichi Folksong Festival, which draws together old-time ballad singers from the woodlands for miles around. The rustic atmosphere is authentic—a refreshing relief in this synthetic era, when all too often big-city actresses in checked gingham dresses and plastic farmhands in blue overalls and cow's-breakfast hats guffaw privately in rooftop cocktail lounges afterward about their corny TV roles.

If a man is holding forth in stentorian song at Newcastle about stream-driving, he's probably done a lot of it himself—like robust Wilmot MacDonald of Glenwood, he of the pink shirt and braces and grandfatherly spectacles ("I brook-drove for ll springs").

While Wilmot in his slow-paced style regales the jam-packed audience with surefire favorites like "Peter Emberley," "The Lumbermen's Alphabet," "The Bull Song" and "Pat Murphy," delivered in the traditional five-tone scale with no formal tempo and no accompaniment, and while erudite long-haired music professors from U.S. universities sitting in the front row exclaim over the subtle nuances ("Notice the story is the important thing? The audience wants to savour every word!"... and "Observe how the pitch is sometimes intentionally altered as the song progresses to enhance dramatic effect"), we were looking for ghosts in the corridor outside the busy main auditorium.

The corridor was almost as busy. White-haired Joe

McMahon, awaiting his turn to go on stage and play piano accompaniment for a backwoods fiddler, was shrilling a sprightly tune on a borrowed violin, and several other waiting performers were doing extemporaneous step-dances.

Amidst this uninhibited din we met two remarkable brothers from Sevogle—Frank and Raymond Estey, who stream-drove together, sing come-all-ye's together, and tell stories together.

Not only that, but together they count several ghosts in their entourage.

Raymond, of medium height and stockily-built, thickset in the shoulders, sings with his suit-coat off and his shirt unbuttoned under a loose tie, and wears nostalgic coloured armbands. He's also an old-time raconteur, one of the last of the solemnly serious school of Miramichi ghost-yarn spinners who intersperse their narratives with fervoured assurances like "on my mother's dying breath" and "may the Lord strike me dead if I'm not telling the truth."

His brother Frank, more formally dressed with his jacket on and necktie fastened tight, conveys something of the image of a deacon with his expression of obsequious solicitousness as he looks intently at you through horn-rimmed spectacles. He enters his brother's anecdotes to reinforce a point Raymond is making.

"Many winters ago I was driving all alone in a sleigh about one o'clock in the morning three miles from home," Raymond began, "and there, on the side of the country road, was a young girl in her teens standing in the cold—ten below zero."

"*Ten below zero*," Frank affirmed. "He told her a little girl would freeze in that weather, and offered to drive her home."

Said Raymond, "But she only nodded. She was very beautiful. In the bright moonlight I could even see the colour of her eyes; they were brown.

"I talked to her, face to face, pretty near half an hour,

and still she just nodded. Finally I says to her, 'No more fooling—do you want a drive or not?'

"Suddenly her mouth opened—*this* wide"—he showed me with his own gaping mouth—"and I could see every one of her teeth, white as chalk. Her eyes widened, and blazed scarlet and green; slowly she began to vanish into thin air; then I knew she was unearthly... that's as true as if I never speak another word!"

"It *is* true, too," Frank interjected gravely, nodding.

Next morning Raymond Estey found out to his surprise who the little girl was.

"My mother told me: 'That was Margaret Copp! And that was exactly where her house used to be, where she was standing.' My mother knew the girl right away from the description. She said, 'Why, I went to school with her; she was only sixteen. She's been fifty-five years under the earth!'"

Youthful Raymond was so impressed by the experience he went out himself to the rural cemetery and found the headstone, and even felt the fifty-five-year-old cold carved in letters of Margaret Copp's name with awestruck fingers.

Haunted houses? Yes, the Esteys have seen them, visited them—and in fact, said Raymond, "Once I was in a haunted house at Barnaby River, and I put my hand on the banister and something like a blast of wind blew me right out the door and I landed on my back outside."

Why was the ghost so unsociable?

In that home, he recalled, a young housewife failing rapidly in health didn't want to die, and she brushed aside the doctor's urgings that she must face reality. The night after she was buried, "the owner persuaded another man, a friend, to move in with him; but they couldn't stay. They heard the house being wrecked upstairs—and when they went upstairs they heard the house being wrecked downstairs.

"Everybody knew the house was haunted. The owner offered it for sale for $900, even though it was worth $5,000 in those days (and you can imagine what it would be worth to-

day)—and nobody would take it.

"One night some time later I saw the house ablaze with lights and I found out the man had left, a new owner had moved in, and there were no more ghosts."

It was nearly time for the Esteys to walk up the back steps to the stage wings. From the auditorium we could hear the plaintive soprano strains of "Only A Pawn In Their Game" and "I Found Her In Front Of An Orphans' Home." (A couple of university connoisseurs of pure primitive music were enjoying a cigarette break by our elbow, marvelling at the fact that some of these Miramichi songs had come down unchanged through the centuries, except that most tunes had been adapted to lyrics about "modern" tragedies, like the Miramichi Great Fire of 1825. But one song just heard, "The Old Beggar Man", about the return of a long-lost traveller, was a contemporary melody from the remote past and still intact both in original words and music. Where had the long-lost-traveller been all this while? Incredibly, as the lyrics reveal, he had been away to the Crusades!)

We hurriedly asked Raymond Estey: "Did you ever again see anything of the poor little freezing girl?"

"No," he replied over his shoulder as he left: "Never saw anything at that spot again—nothing, that is, except the pig."

What was unusual about a pig?

"Because it kept ahead of our Ford car going along the road that late fall—and there were no pigs for miles around, let alone any pigs out at night."

What happened to it?

Frank Estey intervened: "It disappeared in the lights of an oncoming car."

(A music devotee at our elbow was saying, "...and a most extraordinary thing, the way they have of unexpectedly terminating the singing of the ballad, then simply 'saying' the last line on a flat monotone and walking away. Amazingly, this is still the practice followed on the Miramichi, in parts of Maine and in Australia, but no longer

in England. In other words, here is a venerable old English musical tradition still carried on in the 'new' lands, but long since abandoned and forgotten in the Old Country itself.")

Frank Estey said in a parting word:

"We told the Father about the pig, and he said it was a very good thing we didn't hit it, because the car might have come to grief—'The Devil can take any form.' Those were his very own words!"

Somebody was beckoning agitatedly behind the stage, and Raymond and Frank Estey cleared their throats and straightened up and manfully walked up the back steps to stride out on the platform to a familiar welcome of hand-clapping and rafter-shaking foot-stamping as they started singing a rousing "Mary of the Wild Moon."

The Galloping Ghost of Major Studholm

The odd thing is that Major Gilfred Studholm probably never looked for buried treasure in his life. But buried treasure haunts his life story.

The Dublin-born officer was one of the most compelling figures who strode across the Saint John stage before, during and after the American Revolutionary War.

In 1762 he was in charge of Fort Frederick in West Saint John after the British took over the oft-rebuilt site from the French. During the Revolutionary War he kept busy rushing from one point to another in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick frustrating the attempts of rebel agents to subvert this part of what is now Canada, and running down American privateers. After an enemy foray burned Fort Frederick, Major Studholm commanded newly-built Fort Howe on a high rocky hilltop overseeing the approaches to Saint John harbour.

Here, in an historic festive three-day pow-wow, he helped persuade a formidable war-painted horde of 600 Maliseet, Micmac, Passamaquoddy and Penobscot braves to renounce their new treaty with George Washington, abandon their plans to massacre the English in Atlantic Canada, and reaffirm their loyalty to the King. This may have saved the Maritime Provinces from being swallowed up in the new republic.

At the pow-wow, gifts were showered by the envoys of a grateful Monarch on Supreme Sachem Pierre Thoma and his penitent braves—gold-plated and silver-plated crosses, hats, clothing, blankets, kettles, axes, knives, tobacco, ribbons, gold and silver lace. Toasts were enthusiastically

drunk to the King's health, and "the night, though rainy, was spent in the open air with great mirth under the British flag."

Next day the jollification rolled on unabated as the chiefs boarded a British man-of-war, drank the King's health again, and were presented with a pound of gunpowder each. The pacification was climaxed in sailors' huzzahs and Indian songs, dances, war whoops and musket salutes.

The success of the occasion is attested to by an entry in the official government expenses:

"Paid Dr. Sharman, surgeon at Fort Howe, for attendance and medicines to Pierre Thoma and four other sick Indians... £5-16-8."

Although Major Studholm didn't know it, at Fort Frederick he had been sitting on a bonanza of hidden jewels and gold.

This came to light in a circuitous way more than a century later, in 1867. James Lane, who was born in 1815 near the old Fort Frederick site, told of a chance meeting with John Leavitt, who was a pilot on board the British brig *Boxer*, seized by the American vessel *Enterprise*.

While languishing in jail in Portland, Maine, Leavitt had a surprise visitor—an old Frenchman who heard he was from Saint John.

"I was the servant of a French officer at the fort which later became Fort Frederick," he related. "Before the English arrived, my master counselled me to conceal my valuables, as he intended to do." Other officers already had sequestered theirs.

The servant and the well-to-do master entered the brick magazine on the northeast corner, laboriously raised a flagstone, and deposited their lidded tankards—a quart, a pint and a half-pint—brimful of jewels and coins.

Said James Lane in 1867: "The magazine has fallen some years, and I think it has not been touched since its fall."

The hoard is probably still there.

In 1784—the year after he greeted the first fleets of silk-stockinged United Empire Loyalists stepping gingerly ashore on the rocky site of Saint John, and apportioned out land grants to them—Major Studholm received a 500-acre grant himself at what is now Apohaqui, where the small Millstream tributary joins the Kennebecasis. There he built a home, with a sawmill and gristmill, near the site of the later Jones Bros. mill.

Unhappily, Major Studholm was more effective as a career military officer, as a member of His Majesty's Council for the new Province of New Brunswick, and as "Crown agent for the Settlement of the Loyal Refugees within the District of the River St. John," than he was as a farmer and businessman.

His sawmills failed. His ambitious experiments in hemp-growing were calamitous. He asked his creditors for more time. "I have been very hard drove for money," he wrote William Hazen in Saint John in 1790. And he was also very ill.

Two years later Major Studholm died at fifty-two, a bachelor without heirs, and was duly acclaimed in his newspaper obituary as a notable officer of "amiable manners, universal benevolence and liberal spirits."

But his passing was accompanied by questions still unanswered to this day.

If he was really affluent, as many people surmised, why did he seem so abysmally poverty-stricken in his last days? Contemporary reports said all his possessions, even his woolen underwear, were sold to satisfy debts.

Why was a locked strong-box found open by the aging housekeeper before his death, and why did an iron pot vanish from the kitchen?

And why did Major Studholm choose to be lowered into an unmarked grave in an open vale on the highest hill of the range bordering the valley?

Was it, as local folklore insisted, so his spirit could guard the buried money pot?

Inevitably, scarey tales began to circulate around the settlement.

"I saw the major himself last night, astride his white horse, galloping 'round the bend of the highway near his home," cried a wide-eyed farmer. "And the hooves weren't making a sound!"

A member of a would-be treasure-digging party said that when they heard a metallic *clang* from the shovel, a friend shouted, "There it is!"—breaking the inviolable law of silence.

Immediately a lantern held by another man was blown out, and Major Studholm was seen cantering away with the strong-box across the saddle of his white steed.

No one, as far as is known, has yet found his hoard.

In fact, nearly two centuries later, the mystery of whether war hero Studholm was rich or a pauper is still shrouded in the mists of time.

A Presence In The Cathedral

Christ Church Cathedral in Fredericton is one of the most fascinating ecclesiastical buildings in Canada. You don't have to be an Anglican or Episcopalian to realize it, nor an adherent of any religion. You sense almost immediately, as you walk under the lofty arches and look around at the massive accoutrements of stone and brass, oak and walnut, this edifice is heavy with history, symbolism—and mystery.

Although it's not so ancient (completed in 1853) the church is distinctive in countless ways—the first new Cathedral foundation established on British soil since the Norman Conquest...the only Anglican "true" Cathedral church in Canada (that is, a diocesan mother church, not a parish church)... aisle windows unique in this country for their gold work... an English-made clock that was the original test-model for Parliament's Big Ben... and it has a resident ghost.

That may not surprise the visitor, because there's a haunting air about Christ Church Cathedral that would certainly encourage a transient ghost to move in if it didn't already have its own tenant. The spooky atmosphere is heightened by the recumbent stone figure of Bishop Medley lying in full episcopal robes on an altar tomb, true to life even to a slight kink in his little finger which he broke in boyhood.

You get a matter-of-fact answer when you ask the assistant curate, Reverend David Mercer, about the ghost. Is it really supposed to be the spirit of Mrs. John Medley, the first Bishop's wife and a member of Florence Nightingale's second graduating class of nurses? Is she reputed to walk up

occasionally from the old Dr. Crockett home on Queen Street?

"Yes," the clergy man says blandly. "She's supposed to come up Church Street and enter by the west door. What she does after that, I really don't know."

Her perambulations are only one chronic mystery. Another surrounds the meaning of the large initials F, S, M carved in stone above the chancel steps, behind the lectern's great brass eagle with outstretched wings representing the spread of the Gospel.

Popular belief is that Bishop Medley, finding his building fund exhausted, called a meeting of citizens to announce the cathedral construction would have to stop unless a subscription drive was launched. Thereupon he prayed ceaselessly all night—and in the morning a check for £500 providentially arrived from a donor who wanted to be known only by initials.

The authentic version, says Very Reverend Dean H. Rhodes Cooper, Dean of Fredericton, is that Bishop Medley had almost reached the point of stopping construction—and undoubtedly was praying hard—when a donation of £500 came from three ladies in England. Their names today are unknown, but in gratitude their initials were carved on the first stone laid when the work was resumed.

In such a timeless environment it comes as no special surprise, again, to learn that Dean Cooper has performed a ceremony of exorcism in Fredericton. Ordinarily one might think of casting out demons as smacking of witchcraft and hysteria, something that belongs to medieval ages and horror movies... an emotionally powerful experience, with the patient often seated in a cushioned armchair, with muscular friends standing by to restrain him if he reacts violently, with the exorcist carrying out the time-honoured attributes like exhaling heavily, laying hands on the patient's head, loudly ordering the evil spirits to depart from his body ...but somehow, as you stand in Christ Church Cathedral, all this doesn't seem so remote from the Space Era.

The fact is, the ancient ritual is increasingly being practised by modern theologians; and in Britain the Bishop of Exeter's Commission on Exorcism—prominent Church of England and Roman Catholic clerics, including a consulting psychiatrist—has brought forth a report intended to place exorcism in its rightful place in the Church and to offer specimen prayers and forms of service.

Very Reverend Dean Cooper is candid, to a discreet point, when asked about the rumour concerning him.

"Yes," he says "I was called on to perform the rite of exorcism in Fredericton, with the authority of the Bishop and following the form prescribed in the Church.

"The family concerned are very responsible people, and there was no doubt of their sincerity in seeking help from the Church. They had gone to a seance, though having serious doubts about some elements of spiritualism; they didn't want quackery.

"When this issue came up, I must say I was very skeptical. But I became thoroughly convinced that in this particular home there was nothing mental about the people—some kind of 'other world' activity was taking place in the house."

On his return home after the ritual, Dean Cooper was asked by one of the members of his family, "Well, how did you make out with the ghosts?" He replied that it was not a matter to be regarded lightly or flippantly.

Afterward "for quite a period there was no activity in the house at all," the Dean said. Subsequently the otherworldly goings-on recurred but in a more subdued manifestation.

Would he go back to reinforce the exorcism?

"It depends entirely on whether the family requests it. When I was talking with them recently they said things at home were going quite well. I have not been back—but I could go."

Another clergyman who did serious pondering on unseen influences around us was the late Reverend Canon

Wilfred J. Clarke, Anglican missionary in New Brunswick and later rector of St. Peter's Church in Springhill above Fredericton. He resided with his wife in a bungalow beside the church.

Often he recalled the odd happening that occurred one day about 1940:

Canon Clarke was sitting in his livingroom when, to his astonishment, a woman appeared. He spoke to her, but she walked into another room and disappeared.

Soon afterward, when visiting the home of one of his church wardens, he noticed a photograph of a woman on the piano—the very same lady who had materialized in his livingroom!

When he asked who she was, Canon Clarke was informed she formerly resided in the bungalow the Clarkes now occupied, but she had died some time ago.

The good clergyman told also of the deep impression made on a fellow Anglican cleric in the 1930s when, in the Springhill rectory, he apparently saw the shade of his predecessor standing in the bedroom, gazing out the window. He called his wife, and she too saw the apparition. They were so excited they both went to Canon Clarke's home to tell him about it when he was having breakfast next morning.

When a seeming apparition is seen clearly by more than one person, it's pretty hard to dismiss it as imagination or to dispute the fact they did see something. In the same category is the ghost that apparently hovered in a century-old two-storey dwelling in Sackville where Professor John Macfarlane and his family were tenants for four years.

Sitting around the livingroom of their present home after church one recent Sunday, surrounded by brilliant multicolored rugs, drums and other mementos brought back from a teaching sojourn in Africa, the family told of a series of spinetingling experiences—not in Africa, but in civilized Canada.

Said quiet-spoken Professor Macfarlane, of the physics department of Mount Allison University: "We soon realized

there was definitely a presence in the house."

A young son, Andrew, then four-and-a-half, kept saying a kind woman was coming to his bedside in the evening and telling him, "It's time to go to sleep now."

The Macfarlane family thought this was childish fantasy—but they began to wonder after they discovered he was sleeping in the room where a boy of about ten had died of a lingering malady, a little patient who was devotedly attended for many months by his mother.

Mrs. Macfarlane interjected, "I never saw her, myself ... but one night, lying awake in the master bedroom where the lady slept long ago, I suddenly smelled a whiff of lavender. I said to myself, 'Oh boy, I'm going to see a ghost.' But I didn't see anything."

All doubts in the family's minds were swept away, however, when Professor Macfarlane and his two elder sons, Alistair, then about twenty-one, and David, then about seventeen, all reported at different times seeing the same apparition—a woman coming out of the child's bedroom.

It was invariably from upstairs that they saw her, Professor Macfarlane said—"a woman in an old-fashioned long black dress, like the 1890s, carrying a lantern or lamp or some kind of light. She came out of the bedroom doorway, moved across the hall and then went down the stairs ..."

About six years ago the descendants of the original builder reoccupied the dwelling when the Macfarlanes moved. The new family has found no untoward symptoms whatsoever. In short, after the little boy left, the motherly lady who showed such anxious concern for him never came back.

The Apparitions Of Grand Manan

It was a ghostly day to start out for Grand Manan to look for tales of the supernatural. The dismal wet fog whited out everything into blindness beyond a few yards. We felt lucky to have crept our way to Black's Harbour, the terminus of the car ferry to Grand Manan, let alone find any elusive denizens of the other world.

To anyone accustomed to sitting interminably around fogbound airports waiting for delayed planes to come in, the thick mist was a familiar depressing portent: a wasted day.

But, incredibly, ten minutes before the motor vessel "Grand Manan" was due to arrive after the hour-and-three-quarter voyage from the island at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, we heard her whistle somewhere out there in oblivion.

Suddenly she was in and docked, the steel prow opened up wide like a giant shark's mouth, out trundled cars and trucks past our waiting line on the pier. And within minutes we were on our throbbing way, with the crew's assurance that clear skies were ahead.

Astoundingly, too, a ghost story immediately materialized.

An obliging purser took us to meet the off-duty second engineer, Victor Parker, in his stateroom. He seemed not very anxious at first to talk about the incident; we got the impression it was often greeted with skepticism, because even before he related the story he offered the names of three men who could vouch for it.

"A colorful old sea captain named Cheney," he began, "lived long ago on Cheney's Island off Grand Manan.

"As a young fellow, I worked for the federal government on telephone and telegraph lines under my father—he was the boss, the district superintendent. Well, we were building a new 'phone line from Grand Manan via Ross Island and Cheney's Island to White Head Island. On this day—a bright August day—we were on Cheney's Island digging post holes."

At that time you could still see some mementoes of the autocratic old seadog's era—"a great big house, open, with its windows out, but still a big blonde-finish upright piano inside, and behind the house a large barn."

A spit of trees jutted out not far away, and young Vic Parker and his crew just started to go past it to make a straight line of poles when they saw a man strolling up the field toward them.

They stared—because the stranger looked very different from what you might expect, if indeed you expected to see anyone on that lonely island.

A short man, very slender with a slim face, he seemed about eighty years of age. But it was his attire that mystified them.

"He was fully dressed up," Victor Jackson said. "A sort of bowler hat with the brim turned up all around... old-fashioned celluloid collar... long tie, very narrow... black charcoal pin-striped suit... grey spats... cutaway jacket, like a swallow-tail coat... and very shiny patent leather shoes."

Oddly, too, the man wore one black glove, on his right hand.

He held out this hand to Victor Jackson and said, "Who's in charge here?"

"I guess I am," the other replied, shaking hands.

It was an eerie experience—"the hand felt funny. I generally squeeze a man's hand—this one was solid as a stone."

Demanded the stranger: "Who gave you permission to dig holes on this island?"

Victor Jackson told him the government had the right-of-way. But the man seemed unable to comprehend what he

meant when he spoke of putting in a telephone line.

"Glen McLaughlin of Seal Cove gave permission—he owns the island."

"No," answered the man. "*I* own this island."

Patiently Victor Jackson informed him where he could get confirmation of all the facts; but it didn't appear to do any good.

"He emphatically forbade us from digging any more holes. Then he walked north'rd toward the big house on top of the hill.

"Afterward I thought I should go after him to get his name—but, do you know, we couldn't find any trace of the old man! This was puzzling, because there was only our own boat on the shore of the little island; and it was high water—thirty feet deep—so he couldn't have walked a quarter of a mile to Grand Manan."

At 6 p.m. that day Victor reported from the boat by radio-telephone to his father J.R. Parker, at North Head. He told him about the peculiar stranger, describing him in detail, including the black-gloved hard right hand.

A brief pause on the radio-telephone.

"Vic, you'd better come home."

When he got there, his father looked solemnly serious. He said, "Tell me that again."

He did.

Said his father slowly:

"You just talked to Old Man Cheney, and he's been dead for 100 years."

The little islands off the coast of Grand Manan (which is fifteen miles long itself) swarm with tales of mystery, of dark intrigue, of inexplicable goings-on, if you can find the people who remember them—stories of international smuggling, of illegal Chinese arrivals forced to dig their own graves and jump in when an immigration department vessel hove in sight, of a desperate captain being overtaken at sea and

locking his illicit coolie passengers to the anchor chain and dumping them overboard—which is why at times it's said you can hear the melancholy clanking of chains on certain islands.

Kent Island, six miles off Grand Manan, is the famed breeding ground of the eider duck, a species once threatened with extinction. J. Sterling Rockefeller headed off this danger by buying the island and presenting it to Bowdoin College of Maine as an outpost of scientific seabird research. And here the namesake pioneer resident, John Kent, left an embittered widow who reportedly vowed no one would live on the island after she died.

Legend has it that one foggy day an English square-rigger neared the Murr Ledges. The soggily inebriated skipper took over from the helmsman because, he claimed, a witch in a vision offered to guide him through the reefs. Within minutes the ship foundered on the sharp rocks.

Survivors clambered up on the forbidding coast and knocked on the door of the only house. Even in his stupor the captain was shocked when the woman let them in to get dry. He whispered numbly to the mate: "She was the one who appeared in the vision!"

A uniquely fascinating place is Inner Wood Island, or Big Wood Island, two miles long by one mile wide.

If a deserted town becomes a ghost town, then Big Wood Island has become a ghost island—for this slice of land just a mile and a quarter out to sea from Grand Manan was once a thriving fishing community with 120 residents, including forty-two children who attended a one-room school. Here was built a Reformed Baptist Church which today is as forlornly empty as the old schoolhouse.

Many factors doomed Big Wood Island. There were no convenient markets for fish. Up-to-date fishing vessels made it no longer necessary to live right beside the haddock and halibut. Sons and daughters complained loudly about the lack of electricity and telephones. One by one the households moved to Grand Manan until there was nobody left.

Nobody, that is, but the silent people sleeping in the cemetery across the road from the white-steepled church; and the other-wordly spirits that Wood Islanders in their long seclusion felt they knew, and loved to tell about.

Actually there is another Wood Island—Outer Wood Island, smaller and unihabited, a third of a mile farther out, often called Little Wood Island. This explains why people who migrated from Inner Wood Island are still called by native Grand Mananers "two islanders" and "inner-and-outer islanders" as well as "Wood Islanders."

One of the most interesting personalities among the two islanders without a doubt is Mrs. Ferdinand Foote, who now lives at Seal Cove, Grand Manan. She's popularly known as Annie Foote, and many people credit her with amazing psychic powers.

She's a quiet-voiced woman who soon convinces people talking with her that she has utter confidence in her own beliefs—whether or not they happen to be believers themselves—and who over successive cups of black coffee ("My, that coffee is good!") tells innumerable personal anecdotes of how really close the human and spirit spheres are. In fact, she expresses mild surprise if you tell her you have never felt psychic manifestations, because she and her family are so receptive to them.

Annie Foote is on friendly speaking terms with spirits, even to summoning a girl child ghost ("they never grow older, you know") to be the companion of a boy dying of a lingering illness—"he was very happy, not afraid, because he was too young to have learned to be afraid."

And close acquaintances, it's said, stand in awe of her uncanny ability to forecast the future from cards—which, however, she rarely can be persuaded to do. When you inform her you firmly believe that inanimate cards in themselves have no prophetic powers whatsoever, she replies calmly, "I don't use the cards for that purpose—they are used only as a distraction."

But what impresses most about Annie Foote is her self-

sufficient self-reliance. She's cast in the strong mould of the pioneer settlers, of the frontier women who helped tame the West. How else can you regard a woman who, after telling you about the weird inexplicable sounds she heard on deserted Cheney's Island, mentions that at the time she was staying alone in wintry March on that island, a quarter of a mile from Grand Manan, trapping muskrats!

("Time after time I heard pounding, whistling, talking, singing," she said. "I thought it was someone working on an uncompleted camp near by; but it was locked, and no one was there.")

However, here favorite recollections of the ethereal world, as might be surmised, have Big Wood Island as their locale.

"One day my sister Miriam, then five years old, stayed home with Grandmother while the others went to church.

"Knocks came on the door. Grandmother opened it, the shut the door again.

"Miriam asked, 'Who was there?'

"'Nobody,' Grandmother said. 'No one was there.'"

The same knocks came again, with the same perplexing result.

Then the grandmother went into the pantry—and the front door opened itself.

Knowing her grandmother was busy, Miriam went to see who it was. But the old lady hurried to get there first. Miriam heard her saying, "Penelope, what are *you* doing here? How many times have I told you not to come here? You'll scare the young one."

She turned and ordered Miriam back to the other room; but Miriam listened—

"You know there's nothing I can do about it," the grandmother was saying. "Now please go."

Miriam asked who the other person was, and the answer was: "I was just pretending—don't you ever pretend?"

Not until years afterward, said Annie Foote, did Miriam find out that Penelope, pregnant, had been murdered by the

married man who was her lover, and wanted everyone to know about it. When the grandmother said, "You know there's nothing I can do about it," she had meant, "All right, you were murdered, but I can't change that."

Annie Foote relates another Wood Island experience—

"My father, Lyman Lorimer, used to tell us of going to his Whale Cove weir one evening as a young man to see if there were any herring in it. This was a distance of a mile and three-quarters. He was walking along and enjoying the beauty of the moonlit night, and passing Uncle Leaman Wilcox's house, when he became aware he was not alone.

"He heard footsteps; when he stopped, they stopped.

"Then he broke a twig; he heard—and saw—another twig break.

"When he sat down and caused the beach stones to roll, he saw some beach stones right beside him start to roll too.

"He forgot he wasn't alone, and jumped up and threw a stone in the water to see it skip, and another stone flew through the air and into the water too.

"When he was walking back, he met Leaman Wilcox outside his house, and Uncle Leaman said, 'Well, you have company tonight, Ben'—that's what they all called my father, Ben, though his name was Lyman.

"Ben replied, 'Yes, and I guess he's coming home with me, too.'

"'No—he belongs here; he'll stay here.'

"Whereupon there was a great angry shaking of a clump of little fir trees near by.

"'He's annoyed,' Uncle Leaman said, paying no attention, 'but he'll get over it. I'm used to it.'

"And Ben walked the rest of the way home alone."

As the hour was getting late, we reluctantly said goodbye to Annie Foote, who walked out to the car with us.

"Don't forget to watch," she admonished, "for the little man in Ghost Hollow."

"What man?"

"Oh, just a little man with an old-fashioned flat-topped

hat. He comes out, especially on a foggy night, and runs along beside your car and sometimes throws himself in front of it."

We couldn't know whether she was just telling us a folk tale or really meant it.

So we assured her we would—although of course we didn't believe it for a minute.

But as my wife drove the car back from Seal Cove toward our hotel ten miles away I kept an eye open, just in case.

It's a paradox that such a charming island as Grand Manan, the "Bermuda of the Maritimes", with its benevolent climate, neat well-kept homes, gardens radiant with lovely European blooms—an idyllic retreat beloved of bird-watchers, artists, poets, and photographers—should have a bleak, desolate and inhospitable side.

This is the western back-side, the side that God forgot—where sheer black cliffs of volcanic origin rear skyward as high as 500 feet, where twilight reigns all day from autumn to spring, where there are few breaks in the coastal barrier to allow small boats to veer and dodge among rocky obstacles and reach the scant shore.

"A tricky business," an old lobster fisherman told me. "You can go out and then find you can't get back in because you've been caught in squalls and swells. You need sharp judgement. I remember once rowing my dory for miles, almost around the North Head, before I could reach shore again."

Yet, uninviting as it is, this coast in the shadows has attracted a few occasional people—lobstermen, Indians, hunting or collecting pipestone to carve, dulse-pickers, and operators of herring weirs, those net-walled corrals into which fish easily find their way but can't easily escape.

Not unexpectably, during their long voluntary exile in the gloom, estranged from the world, ghost stories proliferated.

Even a hundred and more years ago, "dulsers" gathering the edible purple seaweed off the rocks of Dark Harbor at low tide sat around the evening campfire, and to the accompaniment of pounding surf told hair-raising tales of how Captain Kidd interred fabulous treasure on this side of the island and slew a trusted crewman so his spirit would guard it.

A Machias betrothed couple—one story went—took a small skiff for a paddle off the Maine coast on the eve of their wedding in 1824. Before they realized it a powerful current was sweeping them out to sea. Edmond Chatfield sprang to the oars, but in his desperate manoeuvring one oar snapped. And so, helplessly, Edmond and beauteous Desilda St. Clair were borne by a rising gale toward the forbidding cliffs of Grand Manan.

At dawn, half-frozen, they staggered ashore at Dark Harbor—to surprise a band of pirates busily digging a pit to bury their loot. The rum-sodden free-booters decided to kill both, so there would be no witnesses. Edmond Chatfield was hanged in front of the limp form of his financee, who was chained to a tree and was now in a coma after fainting.

But angelic Desilda, on regaining consciousness, turned into an insane fury. Diabolically she charmed the buccaneers into releasing her—and then made love to them and lured them one by one to their deaths. The last survivor fled, and in his headlong rush tripped over a seawall and broke his neck. Then with a maniacal screaming laugh Desilda disappeared into the forest.

How, then, did the story itself survive? Because, said the tale-spinners, two fishermen in hiding witnessed the whole tragic sequence and also saw an apparition of Edmond Chatfield, headless, walking on the shore. In the years that followed, Grand Mananers walking home in the early morning hours sometimes met the strange figure of a woman who unveiled such a satanic countenance they recoiled in horror. Sometimes it was a man—once the spectre was seen standing on top of a church steeple, pointing skyward— and sometimes it was a dog. But always the vision

drifted away across hedges and fields, leaving behind a lingering wail—*"Edmond! Edmond! Edmond!"*

One of the two eye-witnesses revealed the whole episode at long last in the 1890s, after keeping his silence for nearly seventy years, because he wanted to explain why the plaintive cry was still wafted on the Grand Manan breezes.

The site of Captain Kidd's cache is supposed to have been Money Cove, two miles north of Dark Harbor. Carefully the buccaneer marked the spot by planting two French willows, 'twas told—the only trouble being that French willows have since spread all over the district.

Many a hopeful digger, it was said, was scared off by the sudden apparition of the dead sentinel rising from the pit.

Elderly Reformed Baptist clergyman Reverend Percy Green of Seal Cove, looking back from the vantage point of his ninety years, recalls a variant of the usual treasure-seeking story:

"Fellows use to tell about a shining object like a star that shot over their heads and went down into the dig hole, frightening them away."

Here it was that youthful future President Franklin D. Roosevelt came in his yacht from Campobello Island, N.B., to try his luck at digging for the much-touted two kegs of gold.

Farther north is Indian Beach, where during stormy weather onlookers from ships and shore have reported seeing the fiery wraith of an Indian squaw, wrapped in flames, moving along the water's edge. She's supposed to be an omen of disaster.

And just below Dark Harbor is Ghost Hollow—one of two places of that name on well-haunted Grand Manan.

We called on a veteran of more than half a century of lobster-fishing—including forty-three winters on the dark side of Grand Manan, three of the winters all alone—because if anyone had seen unearthly carryings-on, he would have.

Floyd Brown's home is a pleasant, comfortably furnished white house on the Whistle Road in North Head. A modern car was parked in the driveway, a snowmobile in the back yard.

It was hard to believe that this youthful-eyed fisherman of medium height, his short-cut brown hair only flecked with grey, was around seventy and that he had undergone a strenuous lifetime on the turbulent salt water.

"Why 'Whistle Road'?" we asked him hopefully. "Is there any ghost tale in that? Does the ghost whistle?"

Mr. Brown chuckled, leaning back on the sofa beside his big colour TV. "It's Whistle Road because the North Head foghorn is a few miles from here at the end of the road."

On second thought he added, "Some people, though, have talked of seeing a hearse on certain nights on a particular hill on the Whistle Road, with the horses galloping. That's around Eel Brook."

"But in all your time you've never seen a ghost yourself?"

"No." Then, after a pause: "Well—but I've heard the Rowing Man."

Every mid-October, he explained, "my father and I rowed our dories around the island fifteen miles to Little Dark Harbor, and we lived in camps until next June. The sun never shone from October to March. We had a zig-zag path up a ravine between the cliffs so we could get our hardwood and some dry spruce windfalls, though there wasn't much heat in them. You could walk up in summer but you had to hold on to a rope all the way up in winter.

"Every weekend we walked home on snowshoes on a woods trail—it was fifteen miles and took four hours, or all day in a bad snowstorm.

"Well, this day we'd been hauling traps and my father said he'd go to North Head to sell some lobsters and get some rope. He went on a strong flood tide, leaving me and two other fellows. Next night was calm, and we figured he'd be back on the ebb tide.

"Pretty soon in the dark we heard a dory coming—you

know, when some people row you can hear the *thump* on the pins—and Ernie Bass said, 'Here comes your old man now!' The dory sounded to be 300 yards away.

"We heard it for several minutes, and I put rubber boots on to pull up the dory with the rope and windlass.

"But nobody showed up . . . my father didn't come till the next day."

Did Mr. Brown ever hear the Rowing Man again?

"Yes, four times altogether when I was there. But I don't believe in ghosts."

Then what caused the phenomenon?

He shrugged. "Other fellows said it must be the tide in the rocks. But if that's so, why don't you ever hear the Rowing Man in the daytime?"

He added, thinking back, "It happens every year, somewhere between November nineteenth and twenty-fifth, on a calm, still, moonlit evening. Now why should it only happen then?"

Strangely, the New Brunswick island of Campobello—within sight of Grand Manan and just off the Maine coast—has heard the Rowing Man too.

Mrs. Mary Gallagher, a Campobello historian, says, "They used to tell of a ghostly dory coming in through the darkness and fog. Kids would gather on the shore in the hope of hearing it. The legend is that you could hear the oarlocks and voices, and even the crunch of the bow running up on the gravel—but no one was there."

But what astonished us about Floyd Brown was the stern physical hardship—the work, sweat and peril—these lobstermen willingly underwent to make a sparse livelihood.

Hauling up the heavy crate-like traps continually was a back-breaking job and sometimes when lobsters were scarce they'd all be empty—so that, as Mr. Brown reminisces with a sigh, "When finally you did see a lobster you wanted to shake hands with it."

If you were alone in winter and took a false step and fell

while pulling your way up the icy ravine, no one would know for a weekend or two.

"I broke my leg at Dark Harbor one December day in 1964 at eight-forty-five a.m., but fortunately there were others fishing too. I lay on the beach till they came back at two-thirty p.m. and they made a stretcher." They took him across Dark Harbor pond by boat, then got him home by car on the old trail which, fortunately too, by now was a road. But most of his friends, including Ernie Bass, drowned.

And what did the early fishermen get for all these risks?

It's hard to credit in this day when a restaurant lobster dinner costs so much that even one of New York's most expensive dining-out spots recently took this delicacy off the menu entirely.

"The buyers fifty-two years ago came around once in a while in their boats and paid us fifteen cents each for lobsters."

For average lobsters?

"For any size," Mr. Brown replies. "If a lobster weighed six pounds, it was still fifteen cents."

That was in the early 1920's. Even two decades later, at the start of the Second Great War, Grand Manan lobstermen had difficulty in getting ten cents a pound.

"When we went to Eastport, Maine, they said they could get all they wanted on the American shore for eight cents a pound . . . it's different today, of course."

"Different" is almost an understatement. The day we visited the Floyd Browns, lobstermen were getting two dollars or more a pound at Eastport for the Boston market, which is why they have long-overdue cars, snowmobiles and colour TVs. We thought, what a shame that Floyd Brown was born too soon—that he wasn't fishing lobsters these days.

"Oh, I still am," said the veteran happily. "But mainly off North Head here with one of my sons. He has a 45-foot diesel boat with cabin, the Gale Storm—not named after a storm, but the movie actress—and it sleeps five or six. It has radar, of course, and ship-to-shore phone, and fathometer to

tell how deep the water is and what the bottom's like. And a winch-head, run from the engine, to lift the traps."

"Different" is hardly the word.

Another hale-looking graduate of the early rigours is Robert Dean, a cheerful portly resident of North Head, who half a century ago watched the Passamaquoddy Indians' canoes cresting in on the breakers at Indian Beach after their eighteen-mile paddle from Pleasant Point, outside Eastport. We asked, why did they come such a distance through dangerous ocean rollers?

"They porpoised."

Porpoised?

"Yes, they shot porpoise, boiled out the oil and sold it. They'd camp all summer. My grandfather saw as high as thirty-two canoes at Indian Beach. They also camped on a North Head beach and picked sweet grass to make sweet-hay baskets and mats."

What about the legend of the flaming squaw?

"Her name, I think, was Lemushahindu." Mr. Dean's brows furrowed in the effort of recollecting. "Something like that. She was burned to death. Old Passamaquoddy Indians used to say her ghost came back every seven years—you couldn't make old people believe any different.

"I've heard the old squaw, myself—or at least, old folks said it was her—a loud gurgling sound. It was probably the tide running through the open rocks.

"But I've never seen her—not in thirty years of fishing on the back of the island fall and spring, often alone."

He agreed readily that lobster prices in the old days were scandalously low—but other prices were, too. "I remember in 1936 we paid eight cents a pound for nails to make our traps, seventeen cents a pound for rope, three dollars a thousand for lathes."

Then he had never seen anything to be superstitious about?

"Oh, I'm superstitious," he answered quickly. "But not

as superstitious as the old-timers. Why, my grandfather would practically kill you if you whistled in a dory."

"Why?"

He seemed surprised. I didn't know.

"Because, naturally, you'd bring on a gale of wind."

The Melody Lingered On

The whole trouble began over a pretty school teacher.

"I was yarding that November out back here in the Parish of Kars—that's collecting and hauling logs—though I was only a boy of about fourteen," said Harold Bond. "We didn't use tractors in those days, of course. You just walked behind your horse—no reins—the horse knew as much as a person.

"We used one horse, with 'twitching dogs'—steel hooks—three or four dogs on one big chain link—you'd knock the hook into a log with a wooden maul. It's odd—the dogs and chain bouncing over the frozen ground kept polished as bright as new silver dollars!"

He enjoyed remembering that part; you could tell by the far-away smile in the bright eyes behind the spectacles as he looked out his kitchen window across the broad expanse of Belleisle Bay and across two-thirds of a century.

"They were warm, those log cabins we lived in, and they put them up awful fast.

"One of the grown-up workers was Rob. Now, Rob was an awfully nice fellow, very pleasant—and talk about a mouth-organ player! They were always getting him to play for concerts and dances. He was only about twenty-five, but his head was getting bald and he was almost getting into the bachelor class. And he was terribly smitten on this good-looking young school teacher."

Harold Bond wasn't smiling any more, because he could see the characters and it brought a sharp twinge.

"Another friend, Oscar, butted in and took her to a dance —she didn't mind at all—and Rob flew into a jealous rage."

One morning Oscar left the camp on foot to look for a load of hay, and only a quarter of a mile away he met Rob carrying a Mauser rifle—and the rifle was cocked.

Rob was in such a numbed state he blurted simply: "I've come to shoot you this morning."

Backing up slowly, Oscar said, "You wouldn't shoot your best friend, would you?"

"I'm going to shoot myself, anyway".

Not till then did Oscar notice Rob was also carrying a long crotch-tipped stick, so he could aim the gun barrel at himself and press the trigger down.

"Give me your gun," Oscar pleaded, "and *I'll* shoot you."

"Oh no you don't." Wild-eyed and demented he might be, but Rob was too wily to fall for this trick.

Suddenly Oscar, still retreating, wheeled around and ran through the alder bushes. He stumbled into camp, panting, "There's a crazy man out there who wants to kill me, or himself."

Several lumberjacks hiked out to confront Rob and try to talk him out of it. They failed. They even summoned his father on the rural phone line, but he couldn't reason with him either.

While everyone watched in horror, Rob shoved the stick down—*bang!*—and with one gasp he slumped down on the road, dead.

"The pool of blood stained the place for a month till the first snows came," Mr. Bond recalled with a shudder. "I hated to pass that spot at night—always looked back over my shoulder.

"A month later, sleeping in the camp, I woke up around midnight, and was astonished to hear a lively mouth-organ playing—boy, it was really travelling! The Fisher's Hornpipe—just beautiful. It was Rob, I felt sure, because no one in our camp could play at all, and not many fellows anywhere could play like that.

"I thought, 'I'm dreaming—I'll see if I can turn over.' I turned over easily.

"So I gave George Morrell a nudge—he lives in Sussex now but he was yarding with me then—the choppers didn't have to get up as early as we did, and the cook too, because we had to feed horses at five a.m., so George and I bunked together.

"I half-whispered in his ear, 'George, did you hear that music?'

"He jumped right up: 'No, I never heard a thing.' The music had stopped. Nobody else heard it either. It was coming from out back of the camp—as clear as anything, though the logs in the walls were corked tight with moss."

That wonderful midnight mouth-organ concert was only one of several reported instances I encountered of sounds persisting after death.

Familiar footsteps are the commonest. At the palatial Prince "cottage" on Campobello Island—one of several former summer estates of patrician New York and Boston families—it's said you can still hear old Granny Prince's cane tapping along the hallways in the dead of night.

And at Sackville, harness-maker Paul Blakney recalls the puzzling occurrence that followed the death of his mother in 1953. She had suffered two strokes, and walked with a measured, halting gait. One day months later he was sitting back comfortably in a rocking chair in the kitchen of the 160-year-old house, feet up on the oven door, relaxing after work. Suddenly he heard sounds coming along the hall—the well-remembered rhythm, a good step, a dragging step, a cane tap—as plainly as ever before.

Mr. Blakney sat stock-still for about fifteen seconds, listening to the cycle of sounds approaching the bathroom door; then they stopped.

He rushed to open the hall door—nobody was out there, nobody in the whole house but himself.

An Unevenly Matched Bout

For a real puzzler, consider the Strange Case of the Man Knocked Down By a Squirrel.

At least that's how he reconstructs the incident, because he's afraid to think a vindictive ghost swung a haymaker on him.

It happened before the Second World War, when a group of men gathered every week to play forty-fives in the old Rothesay village fire hall. It was, by the way, a party as completely sober and circumspect as it was modest, the first prize being a five-pound bag of sugar, worth twenty-five cents.

To reach the fire hall, one player had to walk past the lower end of the village, where an elegant home had the reputation of being haunted by the ghost of the gardener, a huge black man who always wore a bowler hat. In those days a bowler, or derby, was a badge of respectability and substance, as contrasted with a cloth cap, and labourers and bankers alike wore them—although in the former case they were apt to be hand-me-downs from the employer.

Years ago, the gardener was found hanging from a rafter beam in the hexagonal lathe-work summerhouse on the pristine grounds.

As the card-player plodded past in the darkness, knowing he was on the road only by the hard feel of pavement under his feet, something suddenly hit him a stunning blow on the right shoulder—"a great thudding whack, like the flat of a hand"—twisting him around sideways and sending him nearly down on one knee. Gasping, his wind knocked out, he looked up and thought he saw "a tremendous black man

wearing a derby" against the canopy of the sky.

Another member of the forty-fives club had an unnerving experience at the same spot: he thought he saw a gigantic ghost, which disappeared in the lights of an oncoming car.

The experiences caused enough alarm so that one evening when a player said, "I've got to drive down now and get old Charlie" and another player commented with a sigh, "Poor old Charlie, he *has* failed, hasn't he?", the first man felt it necessary to explain that old Charlie hadn't lost his pep at all, he was just too scared to walk past the haunted spot.

Where does the squirrel come in?

Well, the man who was nearly flattened by the "ghost" claimed he didn't believe in such things—so he theorized he had inadvertently walked smack into the daily travel route of a flying squirrel.

"They follow a set pattern," he told us earnestly. "You can time them, almost. Why, a grey squirrel of a few ounces could give a man quite a wallop if he was going at full tilt, and wasn't all set to land with his flaps down, so to speak."

What about the big black man with the derby hat?

"The silhouette of the trees above me," he said hopefully. "That's what it must have been."

It sounds logical, to a degree.

But that's the interesting thing about ghost-debunking explanations. You never know for dead-sure.

Some Ghosts That Weren't

Apart from human mischief-makers, Nature herself conspires to create scarey illusions that convince people they've seen a ghost.

Often in the course of a New Brunswick tour we heard of luminous white apparitions, usually headless, that appeared beside carriages and automobiles—especially on the Miramichi River and on the Bay of Fundy islands—and it's hard to believe they were anything but optical tricks played by sea fog, land mist or phosphorescent gases.

Near Millerton in the Miramichi country, a Dorchester resident told us, a man materialized in front of a car too late for the driver to slam on the brakes. The car went right through the man—who vanished into nothingness. The motorist's theory: The stranger was a mirage caused by the headlights striking fog rising from the ditch.

More thought-evoking is the experience recounted by a Fredericton medical doctor. On a summer evening in 1971 he and his family were motoring home from a trip to Prince Edward Island.

"At about one o'clock in the morning, as we were passing a point in the Maugerville area three or four miles below the Princess Margaret Bridge," he said, "I saw—and my wife and number two son also saw—a youngish man run out in front of us on the road, waving his hand frantically as though to say, 'There's been an accident!' We swerved to try to avoid him; but when we looked around, no one was there.

"In 1972 we were returning again from P.E.I., and as we neared the same point in the highway someone in the family remarked, 'Here's where we saw that man last year!'—

and suddenly he jumped out in front of our car again, waving his hands."

How did the doctor diagnose the phenomenon?

"Probably some kind of fog," he said. "But we just can't figure it, he looked so real each time."

And there was the strange buggy trip years ago of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Young of Taymouth, who were going to Giants' Glen, her old home. (Giants' Glen, incidentally, got its unusual name from the fact it was settled by people of small stature.) It was night, and Mr. Young was driving alertly because just above Stanley, on the Nashwaak River, the hill is steep going down to MacPherson's Brook. He was surprised to see a man walking along the road a few feet away, beside the wheel of the buggy. Mr. Young leaned forward to tap the man with the whip and offer him a lift—and the whip went right through him. The man kept on walking.

John Bond went in his express wagon at dusk one spring day to meet the paddlewheel boat at Palmer's Wharf on the St. John River. Coming back, as he descended a hill, he saw somebody walking alongside the front wheel.

"Dam-it, man, get in and have a ride!" the hospitable driver roared.

Then to John Bond's shock, as the stranger put his foot up on the step—express wagons were quite high to get in—he saw the "man" had no head!

John Bond grabbed up the whip and raced the last mile.

Many a hunter plodding through the deep woods has known the eerie sensation of coming face to face with a cold bluish "ghost" hovering above a big tree stump. This is another ruse of Nature. It's foxfire—a luminescence resulting from the fine fibrous roots of fungi, like mushrooms, infiltrating the entire stump structure.

Miss Hattie E. Worden, who built herself a home at Gondola Point on the Kennebecasis River, chopped up numerous old stumps to burn in the stove. To her amazement the pile of wood in the kitchen glowed at night. At first she thought it was basking in reflected moonlight; but there was

no moon. The ghostly illumination was bright enough that she could see her hands in the dark.

"My father," she said, "often told that as a young man going courting, he was sure he saw a ghost standing before him in the forest path. He swung a jack-knife at it—and nearly broke his wrist. It must have been foxfire."

(Some superstitious people in the Kingston Peninsula fully expected him to die, as this was the local adage about meeting a ghost. Young Worden disappointed them all; he lived to be past ninety.)

Sometimes the contrived appearance of a ghost is a fun game, sometimes it's in deadly earnest. Years ago John Catheline (who also lived to be over ninety) dreamed repeatedly of treasure buried under an old oak tree on little Mather's Island in the Kennebecasis River. This started a stampede of diggers. Each group tried to scare the other away with ghostly visitations at night. But when the old oak tree toppled the quest ended—there was nothing under it.

Then there was the phantom of Ghost Hollow, two miles above Carter's Point on the St. John River, on the road to Holderville. Here's how it's related by Robert M. Wood, an octogenarian observer of the river scene:

"Two brothers by the name of Laskey lived on a little farm. A small brook ran through a deep hollow, and one of the men was in the habit of sitting on a huge boulder by the brook for his after-supper smoke.

"When he died, his brother, who closely resembled him, took his place on the rock; and as he refused to speak to anyone passing by, word soon got around that Laskey's ghost was haunting the hollow.

"One of Grandmother's brothers, coming down the road one evening, sighted the 'ghost' and called out to it. As he got no reply, he started throwing stones at the figure, saying, 'If you're a man, speak or I'll make you speak!' As the rocks were coming too close for comfort, the man had to cry 'Enough'—and so the mystery was solved."

And sometimes an apparent phantom has its origin in

human madness. Thomas Glasier, of the famous pioneer lumbering family, left a detailed chronicle of the Ghost of Paddy Hollow Camp on the St. John River.

At a nearby elaborately-equipped American-owned camp, house guests one summer more than a century ago included a lovely young woman and a "wild, reckless man," whose amorous attentions she didn't reciprocate. He became wilder.

One day neither returned from a blueberry-picking picnic in which all the guests took part, but they were not missed till next morning. Eventually, after a long, seemingly hopeless search, the girl was found slain at the old lumber camp; there was no sign of the man.

In the years that followed, the night countryside was terrorized by a horrible, unhuman figure with a bizarre chalk-like face and red-rimmed eyes that seemed to shoot out sparks. The thing stole beans and fish from lumber camps.

Eventually one day, exploring a cave, a lumberman chanced to find the answer to the mystery: A large unkempt man, scraggly hair longer than his waistline, lying there curled up and frozen cold-stiff...and beside his corpse an old axe, a faded letter, a tintype of a pretty girl—and a white birch-bark mask with red flannel trimming around the eye-slits.

Sometimes, too, ghosts are created with the friendliest of intentions by people like Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hoar of Saint John, who in 1955 bought a sedate old Parks Street house formerly occupied by the Misses Parks.

It had acquired a reputation as a haunted house—perhaps because, with three quiet-living elderly maiden ladies as occupants, it seemed deserted to casual onlookers.

When the new owners' first Hallowe'en rolled around, nearly 200 trick-or-treating children came to the door—"and not one," said Mrs. Hoar, "would cross the threshold."

They all had heard it was haunted?

"Yes," she replied, "but of course there was one other possible thing...I had a lovely head of Voltaire, and I placed it on a sofa in the entrance hall, with a sheet below it arranged as if covering a body—and separately, on the floor, I put a plaster foot."

So then the house really had no ghostly connotations whatsoever?

Mrs. Hoar thought a moment. "Only once...we were living in the rear—there are several apartments in the house—and I went to the front apartment one day and said, 'Mrs. Rogers, are you washing today?' We both had old-fashioned washers in the basement. She said 'No—I thought you were washing.' We could both hear a washer going downstairs.

"So we hurried to look in the cellar—but both washers were silent, and no one was there."

Evidently, the housewife continued, the building's ghostly repute spread beyond the neighborhood youngsters.

"When two men moving a refrigerator in upstairs, one man took time afterward to walk around and glance over the old house. The younger fellow ran out as fast as he could."

Perhaps it's a good thing there are resolute skeptics in the world like Reverend Percy Green, ninety, whom we visited at his home in Seal Cove, Grand Manan. They help us weigh things and get a balanced perspective.

Venerable Mr. Green, a retired pastor of the Reformed Baptist Church, is exceptional because he's a native-born Wood Islander who abjures the supernatural beliefs that are deeply woven into the fabric of the islanders' character.

"I heard ghost stories all my life," he recollects, "and they scared me to death when I was young. They used to say at a certain place you could hear a silver chain being dragged over the frozen ground. Well, one evening around eleven o'clock—a clear, cold, frosty night—coming back from tending a sick friend, I heard the tinkling noise on a sidelong hill.

"So anxious I was to find out the real reason that finally I got down on my hands and knees—and then I could see

what was happening. Water was seeping out of the side of the hill after a rain; there was air under the ice. Walking on the thin ice broke it, and it tinkled noisily down the side of the hill on the ice under it."

Almost equally sure is Reverend Mr. Green that there's nothing to the islanders' tenacious belief that a "big black dog" has often been seen roaming about, an ominous portent to the superstitious. "One dreary, misty night I was going along a road that passed between two clumps of bushes where some people had reported seeing the black dog," he said. "I could hear loud threshing on one side; I looked carefully but I could see no black dog; I think it must have been seagulls."

Many former residents of Wood Island differ sharply; they claim the dog has been espied on numerous occasions —in one instance standing up and looking out the window of an old barn—"so obviously it was huge."

The Chuckling Ghost

The sound a Maliseet Indian dreaded most to hear on the old Lower Woodstock reservation was—of all things—a chuckle.

Because a certain kind of chuckle meant not merriment and glee, but death.

"Whenever it was heard, someone on the reservation would die or they would learn of an Indian's death," says Peter Paul. "That was the widely held belief."

And Peter Paul should know, because he's an authority on the languages and lore of the Maliseets and other tribes. Like many Indians, he doesn't betray his age. He's briskly youthful-looking in his seventies with his combed-back hair still black, and a deeply lined, ruggedly handsome face behind the horn-rimmed glasses, like a senior movie star just getting beyond male leads.

Actually he's Dr. Peter Paul, because the University of New Brunswick conferred an honorary degree on him in recognition of his achievements.

We talked with him in the neat modern livingroom of his house on the present reservation, and counted ourselves lucky to catch him at home because his car was waiting outside and he was due at yet another conference on native cultures in Fredericton seventy miles away.

"After a death," he said, "someone would always remark he'd heard the chuckle three or four days before.

"I heard it only once, myself.

"It was in the semi-dark twilight. We always carried our water from a field, and had to walk seventy-five yards. There was a little wet snow and it was freezing on the ground.

"When I went to get a pail of water at the spring, taking a path through a field of turnips, I heard it—a strange sound—a very weird sound, almost guttural, like a duck being choked."

Just then, he said, he looked up to the next house and Jim Sappier happened to come out. Peter Paul hollered, "Come down quick!"—and Jim sprinted down and just heard the last two or three notes.

Two young boys up the road ran to the village shouting in fright, "We heard a funny laugh!"

Continued Peter Paul, "I returned home with the water. That same night I went out to the outhouse at one or two a.m. and I looked up toward the other homes, and this old lady came out a doorway in the dark and called 'Molly!' three times. Molly was her daughter.

"When I came back to the house, I heard running footsteps on the hard ground. It was someone to tell my grandmother, a sister of the old lady, Mrs. Frank Tomah, that she had died."

For a long moment he reflected, his mind obviously once again hearing the ominous portent.

"A weird sound, as I said," he continued. "Not very loud, but it carried far at that time of night over the frozen ground...."

He gave a throaty imitation.

It was a croaking, unnerving noise. It sounded like nothing human—definitely not the kind of omen that would bode any good if it came to your ears on a dark frosty silent evening.

Was there ever any explanation for the chuckle?

Peter Paul slowly nodded.

"In the late 1930s, when they were digging out the cellar of an old abandoned house, they came across some pieces of bone. The excavators thought they were animal bones. So they kept on taking out wheelbarrows of earth—until a skull was discovered.

"Then they carefully sifted, and finally unearthed the

whole skeleton of a man. It was sent to the pathologist at Saint John and a week later the report came back: the body had been there eighty or ninety years."

The remains—the apparent source of the ghost that heralded the imminence of grief—were believed to be those of Noel Lolar, an old-time Indian moose-hunting guide.

He had lived with a woman in sin; he drank heavily; and when he died—no one knows whether foul play was involved—the church refused him burial in consecrated ground, and he was lowered into a rough-shovelled grave beside his own home.

His spirit, the other Indians were convinced, couldn't rest in peace outside the sanctuary he was denied.

"They gave the bones a proper burial," said Dr. Peter Paul. "And no one on the reservation has heard a chuckle since."

Which, paradoxically, makes everyone happy.

The Ubiquitous Captain Kidd

If Captain Kidd really buried as much treasure around New Brunswick as they say, he would have spent all his life digging holes and had no time to sail the seven seas.

Practically every coastal cove and river has its Captain Kidd legends. Some stream banks are today still scarred with pits that are inverse monuments to man's eternal hopefulness.

The anomaly of it is that controversy still swirls over whether William Kidd was a pirate at all. The Scottish-born seadog was commissioned by the Governor of New York, the Earl of Bellomont, as a privateer to protect English vessels in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean—in short, he was given a license to prey on suspected ships. After his return to New York he was arrested in 1699, sent to London to be tried on five charges of piracy and one of murder. In vain he pleaded his captured booty was lawful—they convicted him on the murder charge and three of piracy, which were more than enough. He was hanged in 1701.

There are Captain Kidd fans, now as then, who insist that his trial was unfair, that he was railroaded because his swashbuckling career had caused political discomfiture to several lords who earlier supported his expeditions.

But it's known that a rich hoard of loot—legal or otherwise—was unearthed on Governor's Island, near Long Island, after his return from the Indian Ocean. The resulting waves of avaricious public excitement spread all over North America and the Caribbean.

Down through the generations, rigid ethics for treasure-seeking evolved. Absurd and grotesque they may seem today, but men abided by them implicitly. The rules, which varied in details, always included observing absolute silence—else the hoard might vanish in an instant and the sentry-ghost of a slain pirate might appear, or the whole pirate crew itself might bear down on them in a spectral ship to wreak vengeance. It was all slightly terrifying, but chillingly fascinating too.

At Belleisle Bay we asked Harold G. Bond about treasure fever. A spare, lean man, he wears braces over his tan shirt and reminds one of the solemn farmer in the painting "American Gothic." He lives just above Earle's Wharf, which we reached by crossing Belleisle Bay from Long Point on a picturesque cable ferry. The Bonds' substantial white house has multi-windowed verandahs, and they keep everything around the place as pin-neat, as spotlessly polished, as if they were expecting the Governor-General to drop in any moment. Even the stump-ends of the hardwood sticks piled under a shelter on the back lawn make symmetrical mosaic patterns, they're piled with such mathematical neatness.

"I split all my own wood," Mr. Bond explains, "and I'm well past seventy-five."

Why yes, he says, he certainly has heard of ghosts guarding buried treasure.

"Just below Earle's Wharf on the Belleisle shore, a few yards from where you came off the ferry, a group of men dug handy to a creek.

"The first night—Father told me it was a still, calm, beautiful evening—up came an unexpected gust of wind and blew out the lantern. Everybody ran. Old Lame Dave Willigar was leaning on a cane as he watched—he'd been a cripple all his life—but he ran right past the rest of them. He just sailed—it sure brightened him up."

But treasure-hunters are never discouraged easily.

"Somebody told them if they'd only plowed with a rooster and harrowed with a hen, they might have got the money. So they made a little plow and a collar for a rooster, and a

harrow and a collar for a hen, and that night they shoved the rooster along while he plowed the sandy beach—but they found nothing."

Some people found more than they bargained for.

One night Obijah Willigar had a dream that Mr. Bond's father, George Bond, was helping him dig up money at Brown's Cove Point, across from Erb's Cove. He saw a vision of a heavy iron wagon-tire hanging from an oak tree.

"Sure enough, when they followed the shore, there was the tree on the widow Phoebe Brown's land on the point, with the tire hanging. Obijah's son held the lantern, and they had quite a hole dug by one a.m.

"Suddenly a white form floated up out of the hole. They never went back."

Mr. Bond believes the diggers saw what they claimed they saw. His father, a Kars parish councillor for twenty years, was "a man of conscience who was hardly likely to exaggerate or mislead anybody."

On the St. John River below Woodstock in the vicinity of the old Pokiok Falls, a scenic attraction since inundated by the Mactaquac Dam project, two men many years ago went through the most grisly night of all, if their story can be credited.

They were silently digging in the sand for Captain Kidd's treasure at the spot where they were sure their forked witch-hazel twig had divined its whereabouts.

Abruptly and alarmingly, they found a man was standing between them and placing a bony clammy hand on their arms. He was a gaunt stranger clad in a mildewed red jacket, knickerbockers, a sou'wester hat, and bearing a sheathed sword at his side.

As he turned to face them, they recoiled—for the countenance was shrunken and shrivelled, the skin a ghastly gray-green, the eyes lifeless, the long hair and beard matted with mould. He seemed to be trying to speak, but couldn't move the long-stiffened lips; no words came out.

After a moment of shock, the two ran for their canoe,

and from far behind heard a shrill cackling laugh.

For a long time after, it is said, they refused to talk about the encounter.

To get an idea of the elaborate ritual followed by treasure hunters in the 19th century—whether they were looking for Captain Kidd's plunder or less romantic riches—listen to an Apohaqui man who wrote anonymously in 1894 about a boyhood expedition to the grave of Major Gilfred Studholm.

One autumn night in the early 1800's, he reminisced, a man who lived some distance away, but never knew where Major Studholm was interred, had a vivid dream. He saw the prominent government official burying his personal fortune on a high eminence flanked by tall evergreens.

Greatly agitated, he gathered some friends, came to Apohaqui and hired the local boy as a guide.

The carriage drove around a winding road to the base of the hill. Then the silent group, their way illuminated by a lantern, plodded up a hillside pasture, through a woods path to a clear enclosure.

The leader produced a mineral rod, or divining rod—"A short hollow rod, wrapped in whalebone. It had two pliable handles attached to one end, by which the operator held it. The contents of the rod were unknown, though quicksilver, I believe, was one ingredient. The closed palms of both hands were turned upwards, with the rod in an erect position between them; anything that attracted the rod caused it to deviate from the perpendicular. If the attraction were in the ground, the rod would twist about in the man's hands and point straight downward."

This man, a country blacksmith, was the only one who could make the mineral rod perform. It ignored commands from the other young farmers.

Now the blacksmith strode out into the enclosure, holding forth the rod with great expectations—but its gyrations soon made it clear that the attraction was back down the hill. They retraced their steps until they reached a giant

scraggly pine in a buckwheat field. The rod pointed straight down.

"Eureka!" a farmer shouted, and they prepared for the meticulous ceremonial of treasure-digging.

From somewhere—startlingly—the blacksmith drew forth a sword, and marched out past the others.

He began to inscribe a vast circle around them on the ground with the weapon. The tension increased, for all understood that once the fateful circle was completed, not a single word could be uttered, nor could any earth from a spade be permitted to cross the circumference.

(This was the abridged version of the protocol, the leader explained, he having dispensed with the requirement that the blood of a black hen be sprinkled around the circle).

"Are you ready?" he asked loudly.

"Ready," echoed the chorus—and the swordsman closed the circle.

It was an eerie scene on a bright starless night—three panting men unearthing a hole with spades, pick and iron bar, a chill autumn wind moaning through the pine branches on the lonely hillside, and the swordsman "stalking grimly about, cleaving the air with his naked blade, as if defying the spirits of Earth or Air to pass the boundaries he had set," and motioning by energetic hand-signs that the deeper they dug, the stronger the attraction was getting.

Three men digging, one brandishing a sword—and one frightened little boy standing by with nerve-tingling folk tales creeping through his mind—the rumours he had heard of previous diggers fleeing in panic before a phantom horseman riding down the wind...of a spade clanging on a strong box, whereupon an awful clattering of chains was heard and the box disappeared in a twinkling...of a former digger being bodily tossed out of the hole by a Presence of hideous visage....

The boy was jolted back into reality when the iron bar hit something—a hollow sound.

A quick exchange of glances, and the digging began

again frantically. Several feet farther down, their hopes fell —solid rock. In dismay one man exclaimed:

"I don't believe it's there at all."

"*Now* you've done it!" shouted the swordsman, almost savagely. He grabbed up the mineral rod—it calmly pointed skyward.

Dejected silence.

"It's moved."

"What—the money?"

"Yes; we'll get the attraction again in a little while, but for heaven's sake remember: keep absolutely quiet."

Within half an hour the rod began to twitch violently—the attraction was only half a dozen yards away.

"We've got it again!" shouted one, swinging his pick and penetrating the soil deeply.

"*There!*" The swordsman yelled. "What made you break ground before I had the circle drawn? You've done it again!"

The diggers hung their heads. They knew only too well that no self-respecting treasure would tolerate repeated bungling on the part of the seekers.

As he anticipated, the divining rod now pointed quietly skyward.

Soon, however, only a few yards farther away, it began to quiver again.

The silence was taut.

Then the boy, trying to pluck out a stubborn root, tumbled backwards—and the gnarled fragment flew from his hand and landed beyond the range of the circle!

Everything was undone.

It was a weary, half-dozing group of men who kept persevering as dawn approached. They were beginning to worry about the possibility of the owner of the buckwheat field happening along and discovering them. "We'll locate it just once more," the leader said—one more definite fix and they would go for the night.

But the erratic travelling course of the hoard had now veered almost directly under the roots of a huge tree. A tun-

nel would be needed.

At least, there was no doubt now about its exact position, the party assured themselves with silent nods. As additional proof, it was noticed that the divining rod could be attracted by a piece of silver or coin beyond the zone of the tree; however, at the base of the tree, silver could be placed within a half-inch of the rod and it wouldn't even show a spark of interest.

But for some inexplicable reason, having successfully located the treasure for the fourth time, the blacksmith and his friends decided to let it rest in peace.

They never went back.

Oft-told ghost stories on Indian reservations, like white men's tales, carry the tacit warning that those who forget to obey the strict treasure-digging ceremonial are inviting trouble. The stories are also threaded through with that persistent bogey, the revenging ship.

Dr. Peter Paul tells of several men who were excavating at the point where the Nackawic stream joins the St. John River. The chief digger was a big strong hulk of a fellow. When suddenly the top of a metal pot came to light, one man shouted, "There it is!'—shattering the basic code of silence.

Immediately the pot started to descend out of sight. In desperation the huge man grasped the handle in his great hands and dug his heels in.

His feet gradually sank six inches into the soil as he strained and pulled and sweated, his arm sinews bulging out.

Then—*snap*!—the pot broke away and vanished downward, leaving the stunned man holding the broken bail.

Below Nackawic on the other side of the St. John River, a church still stands on high ground but a nearby road and once-popular digging site have been submerged since the river level was raised by the Mactaquac hydro-electric dam.

"A golden image was buried by some old French settlers at the time of the exile of the Acadians," recalls Peter Paul. "Many people tried in vain to locate it.

"One day a man who had gone over to Presque Isle, Maine, for a job hand-digging potatoes, got word that his daughter was very sick back home at Pokiok. So he returned by the first train.

"The train always stopped at Hartland for ten or fifteen minutes; so this passenger went over to see a blind man who had a little store. The blind man was reputed to be a sort of seer; he had remarkable powers—for instance, you couldn't fool him on the denomination of dollar bills. He'd just feel the bill and give you the right change."

The passenger asked the seer how his daughter was now. The blind man kept thoughtfully slapping his knee for a few moments, then said, "She is on the mend—much better than when you got the message."

While he was at it, the traveler asked where the treasure was that he had heard so much about; and the blind man told him.

Accordingly a party of four or five men set forth for the spot. First, to comply with the neighborhood etiquette of digging, they killed three chickens and formed three circles of blood around the spot. Then, all inside the circles, they started to swing picks and spades.

"One of the men thought he heard a boat landing on the shore, and harsh voices threatening what they would do to these men who were disturbing the site. Then suddenly he discerned the boat itself—half a dozen men were scrambling up from the beach toward them!

"He shouted a warning to the others in the circle—just as one of his companions pushing a rod down realized he had struck something solid, and was busy measuring the width and length of the object...

"With that shout, everything disappeared in an instant —not only the supposed treasure chest, but the strange men and also the boat on shore."

Ghostly craft ply the waters in many stories recalled by old-timers on the Upper St. John River.

Near Florenceville a large freight canoe of the type used

in pioneer days has occasionally been reported seen gliding by, paddled by white men—and, whenever obstructions were met, passing right through them!

A few miles above, we were informed, "Old Mr. Giberson used to recall he saw the raft and the men on it before it was upset at the turn of the river just above Bristol, with all hands lost, sixty years or more ago." On one day of the year, the tale goes—presumably the anniversary of the disaster—you can see a ghost raft coming down stream and the men on it poling their way.

Strangest craft by a wide margin in the Bristol area's legends was the one reported seen where the big Shiktahawk flows into the St. John. It happened in the early years of this century. A party of men were digging for treasure one midnight on a river-bank plateau across from the mouth of the Shiktahawk. Their shovels had just thudded on a wooden object when they heard strange loud sounds across the river.

Up to this point the story follows a familiar pattern—impending disappointment at the very moment of triumph.

But the surprise is yet to come—

To the wide-eyed incredulity of the diggers, a Viking ship was sailing down the Shiktahawk toward them, its elevated prow slicing swiftly through the waters and sending out waves on both sides!

In a split-second, before the men bolted down shore, they saw and heard enough to remember the figurehead dragons rearing up their fearsome visages fore and aft, the round shields fastened to the long boat's sides, the bearded chieftain in winged Norse helmet with long hair streaming behind him, the raucous foreign voices chorusing out a battle song...

Speaking of strangers interrupting a treasure quest, here's another in which the ghosts were apparently not ghosts—yet it's still a puzzler to this day.

Up at Jacquet River on the North Shore there's a place traditionally called The Island, though it's now linked with

the mainland. Since a century and a half ago, for some unfathomable reason, people have repeatedly dreamed of treasure being dug up on The Island.

Early in the 19th century two brothers, James and William McMillan, both staunch God-fearing churchmen, went to find out for themselves. They discovered the spot that James had evidently envisioned in his own dream, shovelled down a few feet, found a small aperture or cave, and then—

A silent boat was cresting toward the shore where they stood! The two uprighteous brothers hurried to fill in the pit, more out of embarrassment than anything else.

Incredibly, the boat kept coming, though propelled neither by rowers nor by canvas. Even more incredibly, when it reached a sandbar it just sailed across the barrier as if it wasn't there.

The craft beached itself near the brothers, and the six men aboard—foreigners speaking a language definitely not French—indicated by signs they wanted food and shelter.

For several days thereafter they stayed at a Jacquet River boarding house and inn. Everyone saw them; but no one ever knew where they came from or why... or how they crossed the sandbar... or when or how they left.

And the brothers, perhaps understandably, never returned to the scene.

The haunting bugaboo of an avenging ship has become so entrenched in New Brunswick coastal lore that it's easy to understand what happened on the Kennebecasis River during the construction of the European and North American Railway in the mid-1800s.

A gang of off-duty rail workers rode the supply train to Saint John for a few quick ones at a tavern, but missed the return trip to Rothesay.

Rather than trudge ten miles, they hired a small boat with an auxiliary sail, and when the night wind died down an hour later they bent to the oars. As the boat rounded a sandy spit jutting out into the river they noticed the twinkle

of lanterns ashore, and dark figures moving about, digging.

Curious, the boatmen headed for the beach.

Suddenly a vociferous yell rent the air:

"*Run, boys—they're coming after us*!"

Instantly the shore party scattered and fled.

The lark-loving railway gang gathered up lanterns, coats, picks, spades and dumped them into the partially-dug pit.

In the days that followed, they relished the fast-spreading stories of how treasure-hunters were on the verge of finding Captain Kidd's gold when they heard a faint sound on the river—and beheld a ghostly boatful of ugly-looking bloodthirsty pirates rowing in to kill them.

They Found The Pot Of Gold

It was the summer of 1883. A young lad tending cattle on Belleisle Bay watched intrigued from a pasture as three tourists from Boston, enjoying a St. John River cruise on the rented woodboat "Susan", did some puzzling things.

They took precise measurements on shore, placed a gauge of some kind on a large flat boulder, anchored the woodboat, and from a punt probed the bay bottom with an iron bar.

"Boys, here it is!" one shouted, leaping into the four-foot shoal and calling for the hoisting line.

Laboriously, as the tackle complained in creaks and groans, up came a big dripping iron box bound with chains and crusted with mud and gravel.

Months later, a Saint John man who had heard about the strange incident was checking the Customs export figures on the lamb trade and chanced to note this item:

"By Caleb S. Stokes, via S.S. State of Maine, one box gold coin—value $13,000."

He investigated, found it was Mr. Stokes who had hired the woodboat, and wrote to him in Salem, Massachusetts, asking for more information "as a matter of historical interest."

Caleb Stokes was good enough to reply. Yes, the value was approximately right. How had he known where to look? His father sailed out of Salem in 1848, and was cast away in Korea where he befriended an old white hermit who gave him papers and charts of a British privateer, the Belleisle map among them; he brought it to Salem in a surprise homecoming forty-one years after the shipwreck.

And that's just one of many successful treasure-seekers in New Brunswick's long history. You're surprised? You thought from the foregoing chapters everyone was frightened away by pirate sentry-ghosts at the climactic moment? Heavens, no! How could anyone get that idea? Lots of people have made it big.

The Saint John Telegraph of Oct. 26, 1894, relates that a St. Martins man discovered a small box fifteen inches long "washed out of a mud bank last week near the West Quaco Creek." The box contained gold coins to the value of $8,000 "to his great surprise and pleasure"—the understatement of the year—also two iron bread-knives with oak handles on which the initials G.K.P. were carved.

A famous early French Gulf of St. Lawrence governor, trader and chronicler, Nicholas Denys, died in 1688 and rumours flourished that his wealth was buried on New Brunswick's North Shore at Ferguson's Point, site of his first trading post, his probable last resting place (and today, Bathurst's Gowan Brae Golf and Country Club). Many have dug hopefully through nearly three centuries; some claim to have been chased off by gruesome apparitions in the dead of night; but one man some years ago may have struck it lucky.

He showed everyone an aged copper kettle he said he'd dug up, implying it was full of money. Soon afterward he and his family left Bathurst, never to return.

Almost everywhere you go in the Tantramar Marshes country, in the Isthmus of Chignecto that links New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, tales of treasure abound—not buccaneers' booty but riches hidden by early French settlers fleeing the threat of exile. Many of the thrifty Acadians had accumulated a considerable nest-egg by selling produce to the English troops for gold coins. Often, in the hurry of packing for flight, entire villages buried their savings in one spot.

When the Intercolonial Railway tracks were being laid through the Fort Beausejour district, old-timers say, a small chest of gold was unearthed.

Near the same fort a farmer digging out a cellar for a new dwelling discovered more than $30,000 worth of gold. He didn't wait to build the house—he promptly moved with his family to the United States.

Even quicker was the departure of a tramp who was permitted to sleep in an old Tantramar barn. In the morning they found a board torn off the barn and the wanderer gone —lying on the barn floor was a silver goblet, evidently dropped in his haste to get away.

An English settler named King became inquisitive when he twice saw a fox busily digging at the same place on a hillside; he dug, too, and found a sock filled with gold.

Another animal gave a clue in a strange way. A blacksmith named Coates, glancing out from his forge near Jolicure, saw a cow struggling to get out of a hole in the pasture. Rescuers found she had fallen through decayed timbers into a deep shaft with a series of platforms; one platform was inscribed with unintelligible markings like hieroglyphics, possibly directions of some kind.

Below 100 feet in the shaft, water kept surging in, defeating the most strenuous efforts of the treasure-seekers—even after they timbered the sides and used hydraulic pumps.No one knows to this day if there is money there—but, tantalizingly, when a mineral auger bored its way down, traces of gold, silver and oak were found on the auger worm.

As an added tantalizer, a farmer plowing near by turned up twenty-five ancient French plates of silver and pewter—apparently somebody's personal cache.

One of the commonest stories about treasure- finding is the "just too late" anecdote:

Near Jolicure, it's said, Busby Oulton one morning discovered a hole in the ground that had contained a chest so recently the hinge and clasp marks were still visible in the hard muddy soil.

Before the First World War, a crew of men was repairing a retaining wall at Carmarthen and Mecklenburg streets in Saint John. One labourer attracted attention by insisting on

working right through his noon hour; then he took his lunchpail and hurried away—never, apparently, to work again. His companions found an empty compartment built into the wall, bearing the marks of a vanished strongbox.

On Campobello Island it's said pirate treasure was hidden at Herring Cove, where past generations marvelled at the remains of an ancient 30-or 40-ton vessel, possibly Norse. (Iron was entirely absent from its construction; all fastenings, like the timbers and planking, were of oak). Here men who claimed to be descendants of buccaneers camped each summer in the late 1800s and dug for what they said was "an iron chest containing thousands of Spanish doubloons." Credulous Captain Robinson Owen, last of the colourful family that ruled the island as a feudal fiefdom for a century, believed them when they promised him one-third. One day he found the diggers gone—and, in the pit, the distinct outline of a chest, with orangey rust still smeared on the sides of the excavation.

Just as sadly, apparently, John Catheline missed out. Cutting timber on Long Island in the Kennebecasis River, he noticed letters inscribed on a great tree in a ravine between Minister's Face and Polley's Cove. He cut away the bark and took the inscription to a Clifton shipbuilder, who belittled the idea it had any significance. Later, reportedly, the shipbuilder and a French-speaking worker went to the island and then to the U.S.—and the worker subsequently, while in his cups, delighted in telling everyone about the hoard of gold coins they had discovered.

Not far away, on The Neck, near the mouth of the Hammond River, according to published accounts, Henry Prince several generations ago unearthed a chest of Mexican silver.

But sometimes a quest ends in a mystery: was the treasure discovered or not? That question is still being asked at Tynemouth Creek, near St. Martins on the Bay of Fundy. There five Americans arrived in 1908 on a schooner with a map of Robinson's Creek.

The chart, more than a century old, showed a lion's

head and three arrows. The strangers made no secret of their intention; they were looking for three barrels of pirate gold. It's known they did find a large rock bearing the same lion's head and three arrows—but a smaller rock they looked for some distance away had been removed by a local resident, Andrew Lochley, twenty-five years previously.

Finally the visitors left empty-handed—or so they claimed. Perhaps the answer to the riddle was known only to a Mr. Wilson who, years before, was walking the Tynemouth Creek coast at extreme low tide and espied a ring bolt in a rock with a chain extending from the bolt into the water. He was excited: It could be treasure!

As dusk was descending, he went home intending to return early next morning at low tide, and told several friends of his discovery. But Mr. Wilson never returned—he was fatally stricken that night. And none of his friends could ever find the bolt or chain.

The odds are probably better, for those hooked on treasure-hunting, if they look for old shipwrecks. One of the most intriguing New Brunswick locales has been off Dipper Harbor, on the Bay of Fundy coast, where the pay-ship H.M.S. *Plumper* foundered in a blizzard with a shipment of silver currency aboard—money for British troops fighting in the War of 1812. So many Spanish gold dollars were cast up on the beach afterward they became familiarly known to merchants as "plumpers."

Modern scuba divers and scallop-draggers have brought to light many artifacts like anchors and crockery—but what became of all the money? Was some retrieved and buried ashore, only to vanish from human memory?

There's another provocative theory. Late in the 19th century, it's understood, Alexander Gibson of Marysville sent pioneer modern divers to Dipper Harbor to explore the area. No one ever divulged what they found. But it was just after this that "Boss" Gibson started buying up huge tracts of timberland on his way to becoming a Canadian industrial giant.

Or maybe the best idea is to realize that all treasure

doesn't necessarily glitter like gold. That's how some Upper Gagetown residents looked at it when their younger friends slavishly wielded shovels digging near a sunken ship in Swan Creek Lake, seeking the $7,000,000 gold treasure reportedly carried by a beached Spanish vessel. They found no riches—but meanwhile the senior citizens quietly salvaged axes and tools for their own use. And the most practical-minded of all, farmer Amasa Coy Jr., rescued enough white oak timbers from the hull to floor his stable.

Some say that every foot of Money Island, near Miscou at the northeast corner of New Brunswick, has been dug over by treasure hunters, and only a few people have found anything—like the Beaudin brothers stumbling on eleven ancient coins and a medal imprinted with a 15th century symbol. But innumerable people combing the beaches have filled sacks with chunks of coal washed ashore from a subterranean seam.

There are fishermen on Grand Manan who agree with the view that gold isn't everything. They still remember warmly the only hoard ever found on that pirate-conscious isle. It was after a pursued rum-runner secreted a cargo of whiskey, gin and alcohol on the forbidding, high-cliffed west side of the island. Now, nobody has ever been able to locate buried gold or jewels on Grand Manan, but it didn't take the resourceful fishermen long to locate this modern type of cache... and then nobody cared much whether they found any gold or not.

The Sea Keeps Its Secrets

Jane Hammond showed remarkable self-starting initiative for a young woman brought up in the protected social environment of the mid-1800s.

Here she was on the far-away West Indies island of Barbados, her forty-year-old ship-owner husband dead of a lingering illness, and no way to get him home to Saint John, New Brunswick, for burial.

True, William Hammond's own cargo brig *Caroline* was anchored off-shore—but a deeply-ingrained superstition of seafarers was that hoisting a corpse on board could only bring down disaster on the ship.

The widow insisted—and the crew walked out, refusing to come back if the coffin appeared.

Accordingly Mrs. Hammond arranged for both the funeral and interment in Barbados; the captain and several seamen attended the service, and then the immediate family headed out for the cemetery.

An hour later, at the ship's dock, the watchman was sent away on an errand—and silent workmen hastily carried a huge box aboard and buried it deep in the ballast.

Weeks later, after the crew was discharged at Saint John, the coffin box was dug up, and Mr. Hammond—a man who achieved a place in local history as the builder of the "Royal Tar," the first Saint John vessel combining steam with sails—was duly lowered again, this time into the family lot in Fernhill Cemetery.

Ships, seamen and superstition are always closely linked, and that is why stories of New Brunswick ghosts and apparitions are usually found on the coast.

Many a grizzled oldster can tell, for instance, of the lost Shippegan Island fisherman who followed a woman in white, who looked like a ship's figurehead, and miraculously got safely back to port through the dense mist... or, in the south, the St. Andrews fisherman who was dumbfounded more than once when a lone ghostly oar-propelled dory kept pace with his engine-powered boat, then vanished near home port.

One of the most ghost-prone places is Partridge Island, a former quarantine station and wartime fortress outpost at the entrance to Saint John harbor. Yet surprisingly, considering what an imaginative people the Irish are, there appear to be no supernatural stories connected with the great tragic "potato famine migration" from the Auld Sod in the late 1840s—an exodus the cost 2,000 lives on the way to Saint John alone.

Instead, Partridge Island has the Legend of the Black Dog—a great beast reported running up and down the island, upsetting people, for a century... and a Headless Woman in White (not exactly headless, as she carries it under her arm), an apparition fired at three times by a wrought-up First World War sentry, who promptly fainted and would not talk about it after resuscitation; the vision was believed related to an old lady who years ago had the habit of strolling the island day and night, and who one evening fell over a cliff behind the old marine hospital... and a Red-Coat Soldier, seen long ago by a servant girl while picking raspberries—"There he stood, looking at me. I couldn't move or speak; I just seemed frozen to the spot; he gradually faded away." The amazing thing was that the girl, from a hamlet down the coast, could not have known anything about the 19th century British regulars, yet she described the obsolete uniform in detail... and, oddly, such a soldier hanged himself in the island schoolhouse in the 1880s.

For such a little pinpoint on the map, Partridge Island has several distinctions. For instance, it was the site of Robert Foulis' world's first steam foghorn—the greatest

boon to navigation until radar. And it has two treasure tales.

An Irishman serving as assistant to lighthouse-keeper James Wilson once dreamed three nights in a row he should dig below the biggest rock on the island for a buried hoard. He discovered—and showed his employer—a rock with a downward-pointing arrow and three notches. But he rebuffed Wilson's offers of help. After he retired, Wilson revisited the scene, found the ground torn up, the Irishman gone—and reports said he later bought himself a luxury estate in Ireland.

In the other story a Scotsman, accompanying his fever-stricken wife and son to the quarantine hospital, worried incessantly about his life savings in gold in case he became ill too. That night he secretly buried the money; next day he collapsed and the whole family was wiped out. The hiding place has never been found.

A few miles down the Fundy shore, at Lorneville, is Ghost Rock—an unpolished memorial to an old-time melodramatic tragedy—a rock where legend says two youthful star-crossed lovers sometimes momentarily appear, arms around each other, then slowly vanish into the fog.

Captain James Trevarton was the young man. He fell in love with Florence Atherton when his brigantine *Minerva* anchored off Lorneville; but so did his mate, William Davis. In a fit of jealousy on being rejected, the mate slew Trevarton and buried his body under a rock on the very day planned for the wedding.

Later that year the *Minerva* was wrecked off New England, Davis drowned—and in his pocket was found a water-soaked confession. Heart-broken Florence died after learning the truth, and Lorneville people recovered Captain Trevarton's body from under the rock—Ghost Rock—and buried them together... at long last.

But the most prolific source of ghost tales is St. Martins, up the Fundy coast—the aging "village of sea captains" that was once the busiest, richest and most productive

wooden shipbuilding centre of its size in the world.

"I'll never forget hearing about the Headless Woman at Alder Brook, where you drive into St. Martins," says nonegenarian Mrs. Arvilla Sederquest. "A woman was murdered there a century or so ago. There's still a little bridge at the spot. Her ghost was said to be walking around all the time. When I was a little girl I kept asking people, 'How does she see?'"

But the mystery she remembers most vividly—as does everyone in St. Martins—is the vessel that turned upside-down.

This was the schooner *Union*, built by four ship's carpenters in 1889. She had just completed her first voyage to Boston and back, and Jack Dyre of Sussex stayed aboard as watchman.

To his horror, he was awakened three times that night by a sepuchral voice saying: "*Mr. Dyre, quit this vessel.*"

Shaken badly, he got off. He declined even to sail up the bay as far as Shulie, N.S.

The *Union* departed with a replacement, on an utterly calm day. There wasn't a whisper of wind to fill the sails, though the sullen sky looked like an imminent storm.

Then abruptly—convulsively—inexplicably—the schooner rolled completely upside down. Two men, one of them Captain John Kelly, struggled out and climbed up on the bottom of the hull, sitting in a drenching downpour. Three others drowned. No explanation of the terrible phenomenon was ever found. It's a secret of the deep.

Not that the ship was hexed, at all; after being repaired, the *Union* plied the seas afterward for twenty-eight years—much longer than the average life of a wooden windjammer in those days.

Equally baffling was the fate of five crewmen aboard the Gagetown-built 100-ton schooner *Ann Currier*. Everything was ship-shape when she sailed out of New York in December, 1883, with Christmas goods for Saint John.

Off Nantucket shoals a fishing boat noticed the *Ann*

Currier was behaving erratically, and the fishermen boarded her to discover the vessel unmanned—the lifeboat gone.

No one ever found a trace of Captain William VanWart and his men. Whether they met a storm, or were lured off the ship, or ordered off by modern pirates, or whether there was a mutiny—all of these are questions only the inscrutable sea can answer.

Peculiarly enough, the *Ann Currier* became involved in a second mystery. A crew brought her from Vineyard Haven to New Brunswick, but a gale cast her up on White Rocks, and the crew returned post-haste to the U.S.

When Quaco residents went aboard later, they discovered the cabin walls had been mysteriously smashed, hacked and splintered, apparently with an axe; boards were scattered everywhere.

Yet, once again, this ship was under no inexorable evil spell. Extricated and repaired by new owners, the *Ann Currier* sailed uneventfully for nine more years.

Near Hillsborough, Albert County, there's a mystery that only a Norwegian sea captain may know the answer to—and he's probably long gone now.

While his freighter was loading lumber, somebody offered him ten dollars to sleep in a haunted house.

A girl jilted by her lover had swallowed a lethal cup of poison, and local legend said she still roamed her old deserted home. A storm-bound hunter once spent a night there, only to be awakened by a girl holding a cup. He shut his eyes and she vanished. When he described her dress afterward, people told him, "Why, that was the gown she wore in the coffin!"

The Norwegian skipper willingly entered, then fled the house in the dark of night and refused ever to talk about it again.

Up at Shippegan, at the northeast tip of New Brunswick, you'll find people who heard from ancestors about the French square-rigger warship that went aground at Green Point, two miles below Inkerman, in a storm during the

English-French wars, and how the Indians burned the vessel down to its hull.

Says Shippegan business executive D.L. Blakely, "No one knows what happened to the crew, but old Peter Jules Robichaud of Inkerman used to tell me that after a storm you could see the ghosts of the Indians dancing around the wreck."

He reminisced, "A couple of the boys working at the W.S. Loggie lobster plant found a very rusty old cannon at Green Point around 1933 and brought it ashore. It eventually went to Fredericton. The cannon was about four feet long—and after all that rust casing was hammered off, it was as bright as new!

"Well, the factory manager, Stanley Arsenault, sent one of the boys to the store for a cup of gunpowder. They put it in the barrel, jammed oakum in, put a fuse through a hole in the top, then lit the fuse—and it sure went off with a bang!"

Down the Northumberland Strait coast around Richibucto, there are still old-time firm believers in the legend that pirates attired in feather-plumed hats, cloaks, breeches and silver-buckled shoes may sometimes be seen rowing silently ashore—and, when they do, an Indian will lose his life.

They're the spirits of an English buccaneer crew overwhelmed by Micmac Indians led by vengeful Acadian fugitive Louis de Grass—a tribal band infuriated by the killing of two young squaws.

As recently as 1892 there was an instance of two men seeing the pirates close up and, badly frightened, reporting this to their fellow card players. One of the men at the table was an Indian, who solemnly predicted an Indian would die.

Next day the card-playing Indian, tending his lobster traps, fell overboard and drowned.

In the Tantramar Marshes country, where New Brunswick and Nova Scotia join, the barque *Amity* was built in the middle 1800s. She ran aground after taking on a lumber

cargo at Richibucto. One crewman afterward was reported missing—he was assumed to have skipped ship.

Weeks later, then the vessel was trapped in port by ice, a quaking night watchman reported to the new owners: "I keep hearing somebody walking around in the hold—and there's nobody there!" The watchman was so terrified he got permission to do his watching from the lighted wharf instead of aboard.

Several sea captains and various responsible local citizens subsequently heard the very distinct footsteps on numerous occasions, but thorough searches of the hold produced the same results—nothing.

When the ice finally relaxed its grip, the *Amity* sailed to Liverpool, England—and there, when the lumber was being discharged, port workers discovered the long-dead body of a man, apparently a mariner, in the hold.

Was he the missing seaman? No one could ever find out for certain. Had a stranger lived there for long months undetected, always hiding in some unsuspected cranny? Or had someone stowed away at the last moment?

No one knows—and the sea won't tell.

New Brunswick's most famous ghost vessel is the Phantom Ship of Bay Chaleur—yet there was also a real-life ghost ship, one that you could see and touch, that made a fantastic voyage.

In 1887, windjammers sailing the Pacific met an imposing ship that acted in a strangely aloof way. It acknowledged no signals, gave no signals, just kept on its course to the horizon and beyond like a person in a trance.

It was the Saint John-built *Rock Terrace*, 1769 tons, one of the largest vessels of the famed Troop Line—a magnificent sight when seen in full sail, for her main-mast was 190 feet high and she carried 8,500 yards of canvas.

The German gunboat *Eber*, transporting the ousted King of Samoa to another island, passed the *Rock Terrace*—and, apart from noticing her stand-offish behaviour, suspected nothing amiss.

En route back from the Marshall Islands to Samoa, the *Eber* espied a ship awash on the reefs of Tarawa and sent a boat to investigate.

It was the *Rock Terrace*, her hull splintering rapidly on the sharp coral. The German sailors reported back there was no one aboard now.

Nor indeed had there been for, astoundingly, five months!

While carrying oil and lime from the U.S. to Japan, she had torn a gap in her keel on a coral reef, and began to take in water fast. For nearly a month the crew tenaciously manned the pumps, but it seemed a losing fight; so the skipper decided to beach the ship at Guam.

Misfortunes multiplied. The wind wouldn't let the *Rock Terrace* enter port there; distress signals brought no response. In desperation he gave the order to abandon ship, and the crew in small boats reached safety in Guam. In the distance they saw their wounded ship, under short canvas, sailing away southward herself as if buoyantly determined not to let either a holed hull or the lack of a crew deter her.

That eerie voyage was to go on uninterrupted until the *Rock Terrace* finally grounded herself.

With no human hand at the helm, she had sailed 840 miles.

A Host Of Ghosts

They speak of a flock of hens, a herd of cattle, a gaggle of geese, a pack of wolves, a pride of lions, a coven of witches—but what's the word for an abundance of ghosts? A "host" of ghosts? A "haunt" of ghosts?

Whatever it is, New Brunswick has it.

Start your unearthly tour at any point on the map and old-timers will gladly spin scalp-tingling yarns, usually vouched for as incontestable fact.

Far up the St. John River at Grand Falls, an old legend says, you may hear a disturbingly plaintive ghost voice—the fading echoing cry of captive Maliseet heroine Malabeam as she guided hundreds of invading Mohawk warriors in their rafted canoes over the brink of the seventy-four-foot cataract, one of North America's greatest waterfalls, in a self-sacrificing act to save her tribe's Fort Meductic from destruction.

Mysteriously, on an island farther down the St. John River, two miles below Hartland, time and time again a barn was seen afire from afar—but when volunteer firefighters rushed to the scene there was no sign of flames or smoke or even smouldering embers. It continually amazed people to go by on the river bank at night and see the barn ablaze in the distance, then go by the next morning and see it still standing intact.

Some ascribed the phenomenon to the restless spirits of men slain in an early clash of English against French and their Indian allies. Whatever the reason, Indians of bygone generations refused even to go near the island.

Two white men did venture ashore years ago, crossing

over on the weakening spring ice. They threshed grain all day with flails in the old barn. Marooned when the ice unexpectedly ran out, they made straw bunks below the haymow. Both awoke in the night, paralyzed by the fear of an awesome Something near. Then, without warning, great piles of hay dumped down on them from above, and they nearly suffocated.

Gasping, exhausted, struggling up into the fresh air, still frightened by a chilly presence they could sense, they had hardly settled themselves to try to sleep again when another avalanche of hay engulfed them.

When they were picked up by a rescue boat next morning, the two men, haggard and chalk-white except for their stubbly beards, said it was the most terrifying experience of their lives.

Now travel down river to the Keswick area, and you'll find local folks who say the same window in the same house breaks—*outward*—at eleven p.m. on August 11. Reportedly this has happened several times. Years ago, they recall, a child was thrown out that upper window—apparently on August 11—and was killed by the fall.

Nixon Hollow, between an early settlement on the Tay River and Stanley village, got its name in a gruesome way. A belligerently drunken road-building crew waylaid the government pay man, Nixon, from Fredericton, who was toting a sackful of cash. In an excess of viciousness two labourers beheaded him; then, panic-stricken, buried the body in the woods. Some still aver his ghost can be seen walking up one side of the hollow and down the other. It's said to be a chilling spectacle, and the incidental circumstance that he's strolling without a head doesn't help take any of the chill off.

Another place-name comes from a more colourful character—Charles Fleming, who had the distinction of being New Brunswick's only resident pirate. For this hermit they named "Charlie Lake" in the Shogomac Woods, where he took refuge on escaping when the entire buccaneer crew was

killed or seized. Many Fredericton lumbermen regarded Charlie with affection, said he probably served as a freebooter under duress, and bought vegetables and hay from him.

But Charlie lived an uneasy, worried life, haunted by ghosts who came to him every night, and loved by only a small dog, his constant companion. He kept thinking up new devices to frustrate the intruding spirits.

A group of Saint John men, learning that his pirate crew, when trapped on the coast of Spain, had buried vast riches of plunder, organized an expedition. The ship, purportedly intended to take on a cargo of timber, had hidden built-in living quarters for Charlie, the unseen guide.

But when they reached Spain they found a town had sprung up around the transformed treasure site; and the strange vessel lurking off shore prompted the Spanish authorities to impound it and lock up the crew—a quandary solved only by the timely intervention of the British consul. After this harrowing experience, the concealed, sweating guest-of-honour was only two happy to retire to the Shogomac woods—and to his familiar ghosts.

People used to tell of supernatural goings-on at Saint John's "Hangman's Hill," a steep grade on the old road about a mile from Howe's Lake, where a gnarled birch tree was once used for hoisting criminals by the neck. Also reportedly haunted—by the ghost of a murdered man—was a nearby abandoned mansion close to Dark Lane.

Another well-known "spirit" roamed Ghost Hollow at Mispec, a few miles above Saint John on the Bay of Fundy coast. That was near "Hoop-pole Bridge," named because "hoop-pole birches" grew there—"the reason," a resident told me, "being that barrel hoops in the old days were, naturally, made of hoop-pole birch."

An unexplained story that makes the listener pause and think is told by Helmer Biermann—about the time his father's family, new Danish immigrants, moved into a house on Lancaster Avenue in Saint John West.

Hans, an old bachelor friend, came to spend a week's vacation with them. He was given a little room on the third floor. But two days later he came down to breakfast extremely agitated, and announced he was leaving. The Biermanns were shocked. What was wrong?

"Father eventually got it out of him," Helmer says. "He claimed the room was haunted. There was an old lady sitting in a rocking-chair—without a head—rocking back and forth endlessly."

Completely perplexed, wondering whether the convivial party of the evening before could have possibly induced hallucinations, Mr. Biermann Senior took a walk to a butcher shop to get some pork chops, his guest's favourite dish.

A next-door neighbour asked, "How's your jolly friend enjoying his visit?"

Mr. Biermann said with a sigh, but treating it lightly, "He's going home five days ahead of schedule. He actually thinks his room on the third floor is haunted!"

"Oh?" said the neighbour. "Must be the old lady—without a head—in the rocking chair."

Fifteen miles from Saint John, on the broad Kennebecasis River, William Pitt produced a remarkable invention—the world's first cable ferry, predecessor of dozens used today to move traffic freely across New Brunswick rivers. As its engine dutifully throbs, the picturesque scow-like ferry reels in a cable at one end and pays it out at the back.

The inventor's sons, Frank and Dyna, operated the ferry for years, and during the trip across to Reed's Point—while a few regular passengers in the crude side-cabin played 45's with cards so worn and smirched that everyone could tell the whole deck from the other side—"Dy" would halt the engine so people could look and see the ghost 'way up the hill.

Says Hugh (Yip) Mackay Jr., of Rothesay, "The thing was a white blur—probably fog—that moved across late in the day from a deserted farmhouse to the woods."

We called on Frank Pitt's daughter, Mrs. Muriel Giggey,

who lives not far from the ferry landing. "It looked like a woman—all in white—crossing the open space at dusk, carrying a light," she said. A silver-haired, cheery-natured person, she turned serious as she added, "My grandmother was always afraid the machinery would be the finish of William Pitt—you had to get in and make it go, you see, not just press a button like today... Only five months after inventing the cable ferry he was caught up in the machinery belts and fatally injured."

Not far away is a ghostly portent in the old St. Andrew's Kirk burying ground at Hammond River. You may notice it as you drive by—a tombstone pedestal surmounted by a lamb, in memory of Hugh Aiton and Janet, his wife, who died in the middle of last century. The lamb is facing east toward the main Saint John-Moncton highway. Older residents believe if you pass by in the moonlight and see the lamb facing the other way, someone in your family is going to die.

As you travel down the Bay of Fundy coast, you'll discover at the St. Andrews cut-off a haunted place the local people still call "Ghost Rock" and "Ghost Lane," where an Indian murdered his squaw. Now, perhaps fortunately, the rock has been blasted away to make room for highway widening.

On the old St. Andrews-to-St. Stephen stagecoach road near Rollingdam is Piskahegen. Here early in the last century a prominent innkeeper, lumberman, and farmer, Josiah True, was reported to have amassed a pile of cash. As an elderly man in an institutional home, he rambled on grandiosely about his riches, and some believed him.

Dozens of people dug, unafraid of the rumour that old True had laid a curse on his hoard. Two men finally thought they'd located it, put a dynamite charge under a huge pine tree and ran 200 yards away. The explosion hit one with a looping rock—not hard enough to kill him, but hard enough to decide him against taking part in future treasure hunts.

Off shore, on Deer Island, you'll hear the strange story

of a woman recluse who lived in the woods and, knowing the end was near, dug a grave, built herself a coffin and climbed in. That's how they found her—lying in the coffin on the bowels of the earth, dead, with her arms properly pre-folded across her chest. Little wonder that passers-by today hurry to leave the site behind.

A short ferry ride farther on, you can look for ghosts on Campobello, or, if you feel extraordinarily lucky, for treasure. Says Mrs. Linnea Calder, whose family for five generations has served the Roosevelts on F.D.R.'s "beloved island":

"A ship was wrecked around Liberty Point, and the crew came ashore through Lost Heath. The captain buried all his valuables in a strongbox and marked the spot by implanting an ash oar—but when he came back to find it, the oar was gone and I don't think the strongbox has ever been found... My grandfather, William McGowan, told me about it. He was there as a boy."

Coming back up the Kennebecasis, at Lakeside near Hampton there's the site of fire-razed Ryan's Castle, built originally like an elaborate French summer villa by Dr. John James Ryan, a dental specialist who made Paris his home a century ago. The romantic-minded still believe there is a fortune buried somewhere, and Dr. Ryan's spirit hovers over it.

Dr. Ryan himself apparently accepted ghosts as a matter of course. His mother died while he was a small boy, and his father married her sister. Legend says the first Mrs. Ryan, angered, returned to haunt the union. Doors opened and slammed shut, knives went flying across the rooms from the door hinges.

Imperturbably young John J. is said to have told a visitor: "Don't be alarmed: it's only Mother. She'll be gone shortly."

Nothing is left at Lakeside now—except, possibly the majestic horse-drawn coach, which latter-day children used as a skating hut, and which thoughtlessly was left in the spring ice breakup to sink to the bottom of the lake.

Another vengeful wife comes to light at Five Points, between Penobsquis and Anagance. A pioneer woman, lying desperately ill, resented her husband's suspected attentions to a girl neighbour. She declaimed, "I'm not long for this world; but if you marry Jennie I'll come back to haunt you!"

He manfully denied any interest whatsoever in Jennie —but soon after his wife died he married her.

Strange things began to happen. The man, leaving his house for the barn, noticed wherever he went an owl flew over him and perched on the building, staring down. Worried, he told his new wife, who anxiously went to see. She, too, became alarmed.

"I'll kill the accursed bird!" the husband cried.

"Please don't," she expostulated, running to her chambers. "Please, I'm so frightened."

Shortly afterward she heard a shotgun blast, and he tossed the bird at her feet, saying, "There's your damned owl, Jennie."

She promptly fainted—and when she came to, her mind was wandering. The distraught husband, after long brooding, strode forth and, sitting on the side of an old timber bridge spanning the river, tied a noose around his neck, bound himself hands and feet—and rolled off.

When his wife related the story of the owl, they decided his death was a suicide, and buried him at the crossroads at night.

In Albert County, not far distant, you hear stories that may have been inspired by land-fog illusions; but they're widely credited. A man hiking down a hill toward the village of Albert heard a carriage approaching behind. He turned and waved to the driver for a lift—and the carriage, then abreast, vanished completely. And there's a covered bridge at Bennett Lake where it's said a headless man sometimes emerges from the dark shadows.

Treasure-dazzled searchers in the Moncton area have long defied ghost tales to dig—and dig again. At Irishtown, old reports say, a retreating French commander buried "nine big leather bags of gold" which had been sent out

from Versailles to pay the army. Even the New Brunswick government looked for it, in vain. A man named Simpson, from Quebec, acquired an old chart that came from a dying French soldier, and formed a company with engineers as consultants—but they found that guide-marks such as a stream, a spring or a big rock were useless because the landscape had been totally changed.

The late Honourable Doctor C. H. (Ford) Blakeny, New Brunswick Minister of Education, was one of many Monctonians who in boyhood hopefully wielded shovels at Crow's Island, a little hill on the marshes between Sunny Brae and Moncton. Twin rumours said: (a) A buccaneer's ship had sailed up Hall's Creek and buried treasure boxes under a huge pine tree on an island; (b) A French vessel carrying army pay for Quebec had been chased up the Petitcodiac River by an English warship and had hidden the gold under the same pine. You couldn't blame the kids—they saw the old stump still standing, rotten planking had been discovered in old excavations, and several ancient gold coins reportedly had been found.

In the countryside near Moncton they tell of the haunted Reinsborough house, long since levelled by fire, where a continual tumult of stamping feet and exuberant singing drove the occupant, a First World War veteran, to seek intercession by the parish priest. When the initial services of blessing seemed to produce no result, the priest conducted exorcism rituals in every room but one—a locked second-storey bedroom—where the demoniac presence was ordered to stay. Apparently it did, for the commotion ceased.

Only a few miles away was another hexed site—the old Fisher house. The occupant years ago was a man who practised black magic, and "proved" it to a skeptical visitor by causing the magician's empty boots to plod across the floor and back, like a radio-controlled car. Even after he died, people were loath to enter the house. A lost group of U.S. campers innocently did, a few years later, in a sky-splitting storm —but fled precipitately leaving all their equipment behind,

when the empty house began to reverberate to mysterious thumping footsteps.

Speaking of footsteps: The Westmorland Historical Society took a twenty-year lease on the old brick Dorchester jail and organized a collection of artifacts—including the "Oregon Boot," so heavy with its metal clamp you could barely lift up your foot—from the Maritime Penitentiary. It's called "100 Years of Crime and Punishment."

As custodians they hired two Mount Allison University students—apparently without mentioning that two former jailers said they'd heard footsteps in the attic. The first student to arrive slept in a front cell block, was awakened by loud footsteps up above, then heard something thrown down the stairs from the attic. It landed right outside his door—a solid PLOP! But when he opened the door... nothing. Nothing in the hall; the attic door was shut. He resigned, and refused to return.

We're now in the Tantramar Marsh region, which probably has New Brunswick's densest ghost population. They say in the Missiquash River you can see reflected the lovely face of Marguerite, daughter of Governor Michel le Neuf de la Valliere, who re-named the river in her honour and then impulsively revoked the order when he discovered she was about to marry a widowed commoner with six children, Louis le Gannes.

Other spirits reported roaming here include five Frenchmen drowned while attempting to cross to the English side in disobedience to the orders of Father le Loutre; and five English soldiers and nine Indians killed when the troops were ambushed at Bloody Bridge (a span that had to be rebuilt elsewhere because local farmers were afraid to pass by the massacre site).

In reprisal for the slaying of several Micmac warriors by English soliders, Indians seized a young lieutenant and his fiancee near the Aulac stream and bound them to stakes at low tide to await drowning. The officer, nearer the river, vanished first under the fast rising waters. Just then some

passing Frenchmen rushed in to save the girl—but, overwrought, she dashed into the river to rejoin her lover in death. Their melancholy shades have been reported seen frequently.

At Shediac, on Northumberland Strait, we visited the resting place of pioneer settler William Hanington in the graveyard of the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Wood—a massive tabletopped monument with a very inconspicuous space under the top slab for a flat stone drawer, a sliding shelf in grooves.

But, alas, the shelf was gone—and with it the note it was once reputed to contain. Discovered in the 1930s, the message directed treasure-seekers to Shediac Island. Many clues were found there—including chipped stone and old sections of iron bar—but seeping water rebuffed all organized searches, including some that used dynamite.

Travelling up the coast, you come to Moulies River, twelve miles from Richibucto, where ear-deafening crashes in farmer Earl Stevenson's home in 1955 attracted the attention of psychical researchers. The house-jarring bangs seemed to follow his seven-year-old daughter Joan, recurring until she went to sleep (or, if she was asleep when they started, continuing until she awoke). Some suggested it was an obvious case of the psychical phenomenon known as poltergeist—"racketing spirits." But others contended the little girl could not possible hit the house that hard—hard enough to make it vibrate—under any circumstances. Her mother said, "They were as loud as plane crashes I heard back home in England in the Second Great War." Even while the daughter was seen to be sleeping, neighbours pounded on the wall and got answering knocks right back. The hired man was absolved—he resigned and left in the middle of the two-week epidemic of noise.

In the Kilmarnock woods you hear a supernatural story characteristic of New Brunswick forests—about one-eyed "Smokey Joe," a strange interloper who wandered into a lumber camp and asserted seriously he had done battle under Cromwell's command more than three centuries before.

While he stayed, erratic things happened—horses' halter ropes were found untied, halters were unbuckled and lying on the stable floor; but they could never get enough evidence to confront the visitor; the new fallen snow didn't even show any human footprints.

In Boiestown on the Miramichi they still talk about Jim, an old pipe-smoking lumber-camp caretaker who departed this life in a peculiar way—he was found dead on a camp floor, ringed about by slices of cut-plug tobacco as though he wanted to take them with him. Many timber-cutters later said they had seen his ghost sitting on the woodland grave, holding an empty pipe in his hand looking at them appealingly. So it became the custom for passers-by to toss a plug of tobacco toward the grave, just in case he was keeping one foot (or his pipe-hand) in the human realm. The odd thing—or so they claimed—was that the tobacco was always gone when they returned.

In the adjacent towns of Newcastle and Chatham you can hear bizarre tales galore... like the one about the man who took sick in a Sevogle River lumber camp, hitched up a team of horses and headed for Newcastle, thirty-four miles away, in a wild blizzard. Lost, he died of exposure—the body and the remains of the horses were found in the spring ...but now, they say, in winter and summer you can hear a team of horses and loud screams and log chains clanking at that point—even though it's rugged terrain that only somebody on horseback can get through.

And there was a man named Isaac in Newcastle who lived to be 100 and seemed to be psychic—he had the reputation of being able to foretell a baby's sex and what it would look like through life. His wife suffered the loss of a foot and the doctors gave her an iron foot. When dying, she asked that it be buried with her; but her husband could see no sense in it. Night after night she appeared to him afterward in a vision, pleading—until finally he had the undertaker dig up the coffin, put the iron foot in and re-bury it. Ever since, peace has prevailed.

The Bathurst area, too, has its eerie lumberjack tales—

like the two men whose teams got lost in a snowstorm in the trouble-fraught valley, one of the natural beauty spots of the North Shore, which Mrs. Harry Smyth of Teteagouche Falls called "Devil's Dell."

By great good fortune they chanced to come upon an empty camp. "I'm going to feed my horse," said the first man after they got settled in—this, of course, being the unwritten law of the deep woods. The other grumped, "I'm going to eat now myself, or I'll eat in hell"—and he ate. Finally he went out, but didn't return: a log had fallen off the old shack and killed him.

Later, when the surviving lumberman was guiding hunters, they froze into immobility when they came near that site—they could hear horses galloping and sleigh runners crunching even though there was barely a frost blanket on the ground.

Teteagouche Falls is remembered for another phenomenon—the Little Man. People reported seeing him basking in the sunshine on top of a gigantic rock by the roadside—a creature only two and a half feet tall, with huge head and shoulders. Some thought he was friendly; others considered him a ghost who haunted the old manganese mining shafts; they said he leered at them near-sightedly—some even claimed he had no top on his head above the eyes. One hiker avowed that this earthbound "Old Man of the Sea" jumped on his shoulders and insisted on being carried, despite the fact his weight was tremendous.

But it turned out that the weird being, rather than haunting people after he died, was doing it ahead of time. One of his favourite diversions was to leap out at the horses of passing travellers in the dark of night, which usually panicked them into a runaway gallop.

One night he tumbled beneath the rampaging hooves. His screams, they said, were louder than the Dungarvon Whooper. That was the end of the Little Man. His spirit has never appeared.

As a group, nevertheless, I think you'll agree New Brunswick's ghosts are a friendly lot, even if some like to make mischief. Few have been sadistically malevolent like ghosts in modern horror movies. No, our cultured presences possess a well-bred instinct that is sadly lacking in today's generation of phantoms. In brief, they are the soul of courtesy.

Consider for a moment one of the former landmarks of Saint John, Hazen Castle, at the end of Hazen Street. The castle reputedly had a ghost, the spirit of the original owner of the property.

It was said to have been seen by an old nurse, by Sir Douglas Hazen's mother-in-law, and by his daughter, Mrs. Hugh Mackay.

The apparition, wearing a stylish little flat-topped pearl-grey hat, was wont to materialize in obvious concern at the foot of someone's bed whenever that person was planning to alter or renovate the mansion—not to raise ructions but simply to make his protest known, and then fade away. The last time was when the library was being made over.

Apparently everybody in the neighbourhood treated him with patient tolerance, because alive or dead he was such a nice fellow. A next-door resident, Samuel Girvan, a Bank of New Brunswick accountant, was surprised one evening by the eccentric neighbour while he was intently looking skyward.

The neighbour pressed a gun into his back and said, jokingly but politely, "I'm going to shoot you."

With equal politeness, Mr. Girvan said, "Would you mind waiting until after the eclipse of the moon?"

It was such a gentlemanly request there was nothing any responsible person, alive or dead, could do but oblige; then, evidently, the eclipse of the moon proved so interesting both forgot about it.

By The Same Author

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